

LIBERTY.

—License was issued on the 23d to Mr. Willie B. Tucker to marry Miss Mary Godbey. Mr. Aaron Edgington was married on the 19th at this place to Mrs. Ellen Sweeney, both of color. The ceremony was performed in fine style by Mr. A. J. Gibony.

—Some days ago Park Vaught, living near Humphrey, this county, while at work near Pulaski Station, took a young lady to a party. After escorting her home he started for his boarding place, but never returned. He was found dead the next morning near a fence. As he had a pistol with him it is supposed it went off accidentally while crossing the fence.

—Logan Brown was tried before Judge Myers as an examining court on last Friday for killing his brother Lecy Brown. There being no evidence sufficient to hold him for circuit court, he was acquitted. From the evidence before the court it appeared that the three brothers Logan, Sam and Lecy Brown, all under the influence of liquor, started home from Gilpin's Store late Monday evening, 15th. On the route Lecy demanded of Logan that he must pay him some money that the latter owed him. Logan told him several times that it was impossible for him to pay the amount, for he hadn't the money. No pleadings of inability to liquidate the debt at the time would satisfy Lecy and he told his brother that he would shoot it out of him, gave him a kick and opened fire upon him. After firing two shots, Logan giving back at the same time, said he thought he would fire in the direction of Lecy to stop him from shooting, but having three loads in his pistol they all went off together, with fatal effect, as before stated. From inquiries made of those living in that section, your correspondent learned that the one killed was far the most dangerous and troublesome of the two.

—Monday was county court day and though unexpected on account of the backwardness of the farmers, a good crowd was in attendance. According to previous appointment the physicians of the county assembled in one of the rooms of the court-house at 1 p. m. for the purpose of organizing a county medical society. There were 14 present out of 17 belonging to the county, namely: Drs. Joshua T. Wesley, James Wesley, Isaiah S. Wesley, D. Beeler, J. T. Hughes, W. T. Murphy, J. C. Barker, J. M. Haney, — Hammonds, W. L. Lowder, C. L. Herrin, R. T. Garner, P. S. Humphrey, W. D. Stone, Dr. J. T. Wesley explained the object of the meeting, and on motion of Dr. Lowder he was appointed temporary chairman and Dr. R. T. Garner temporary secretary. After several speeches were made in favor of a county medical society, a vote was taken on the subject and unanimously carried. Election of permanent officers being announced as in order, Dr. W. D. Stone on motion of Dr. Hughes having been nominated for permanent president and having declined to accept on account of age, on motion of Dr. Beeler, Dr. J. T. Wesley was unanimously elected permanent president. Dr. R. T. Garner having declined to be made secretary, Dr. W. L. Lowder was unanimously elected permanent secretary. Drs. Stone, Herrin and James Wesley were appointed a committee to get up by laws for the society to conform to the State Medical Society and to be reported at the next meeting. It was then decided to have the next meeting at 10 o'clock 4th Monday in June at Liberty. Drs. Murphy, Garner and James Wesley were appointed a committee to get up a schedule of fees, to be reported at the next meeting. On motion it was requested that papers be read before the society at the next meeting on the following subjects, each physician named making his own selection of the branch of the subject he treats upon: Dr. P. S. Humphrey, some branch of surgery; Dr. D. Beeler, some branch of practice; Dr. Isaiah S. Wesley, diseases of children; Dr. J. T. Hughes, on obstetrics. It was announced that any member would have the pleasure of getting up a volunteer paper or report on any paper he may choose, so he notifies the secretary in time to have it on the programme. The meeting then adjourned.

—Charles H. Weidner, of Dayton, O., shot and killed his wife while she was bending over a tub washing his clothes, and then sent a bullet through his own brain. He had spent his wife's money and having no more use for her, took the above means of getting rid of her, but after this was done the little conscience he had left begun to hurt him and he very sensibly destroyed his own worthless life.

—Sanford Howard and Steve Daugherty, colored, the latter a preacher, shot into the yard of John Ball, a prominent young farmer of near Versailles. When Ball asked the negroes what they meant, they remarked that they wouldn't mind blowing his head off and he had better be careful. The farmer then secured a pistol and took out after them and a regular battle ensued, in which Daugherty was shot to death, Howard wounded and Ball received a flesh wound.

DANVILLE.

—Miss Marie Warren has returned from a visit to Louisville.

—In the police court Wednesday morning Tom Slaughter was fined \$6.65 for an ornamental drunk.

—Miss Mildred Davis returned to Louisville Tuesday, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. W. Wiseman.

—Mr. Elisha Chambers and Miss Annie F. Curtis obtained marriage license Wednesday evening. Both belong in the West End.

—John Bailey, Eugene Chestnam and Al Peters, young colored men of Danville, have joined the 9th U. S. cavalry and gone to Ft. Robinson, Neb.

—John Robards has sold his new 'bus to Embry, Dunn & Fox for \$500. But one 'bus will now run to and from the depot. Mr. Robards went to Washington county Tuesday to buy a few Southern horses.

—Mr. Charles R. McDowell, of this place, and Miss Lettie R. Saunders, were married at the Presbyterian church at Springfield, Tuesday. The bride's father, the Rev. Miles Saunders, performed the ceremony.

—Rev. W. O. Goodloe, of Harrodsburg, an ex-Federal soldier, and Elder Wm. Stanley, an ex-Confederate, will deliver the addresses next Tuesday, when the graves of the soldiers in the cemetery will be decorated.

—Hon. French Tipton, of the Richmond Climax, was in town Wednesday, the guest of Mr. S. V. Rowland. Miss Fannie Phillips entertained a large number of young people at her home on Harrodsburg Avenue Tuesday night.

—Mr. Frank Gilcher and wife are in Louisville this week. Col. James A. Fisher and wife are expected in Danville in a few days from St. Louis, if the colonel's health improves sufficiently for him to undertake the journey.

—Charles Christopher and Mahala Dickerson, two very respectable old colored people, were married at the residence of Dr. J. M. Meyer on 4th street, Thursday, at 4 o'clock. Rev. T. Baker, of the colored Christian church, officiated.

—Aaron Ball and Ann Guest, colored, have been paying attention to each other for some time and when Aaron saw Ann intoxicated Sunday evening, he knocked her down and dragged her a few feet to show his disapproval of her condition. Aaron was fined \$16.00 for his caper Monday evening in the police court.

—Kate Lee, serving a jail sentence for arson, wants to get out on account of an alleged interesting condition she says she is in. This is too diaphanous, Kate, and won't work. If she had asked her release because of the character of the witnesses against her, the plea would have been more reasonable, but still not effective, as she will probably remain where she is until the expiration of her sentence.

—Miss Mattie L. Scott and Mr. Chas. W. Faulkner, both of Danville, were married at the Baptist church Wednesday morning, at 11:30 o'clock. Rev. J. W. Lynch performed the ceremony. The bride is a sister of Messrs. Winfield and Wm. P. Scott, of this place. The attendants were Messrs. Arthur Faulkner and John Scott; the ushers were Messrs. Arthur Tennyson, Howard Cook, Arthur Cartwright and John W. Hackney. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers.

—Mr. Charles H. Rodas, of this place, was notified by telegraph Tuesday of his appointment as revenue collector for this district. Since then, he has been receiving the congratulations of friends and the importunities of citizens who want to be clerks, gaugers, &c. Mr. Rodas is a thorough lawyer and a good business man and will no doubt make a good collector. Secretary Carlisle has decided positively that the office must remain at Richmond, to which place Mr. Rodas will not move his family at present, but may do so later on.

HUSTONVILLE.

—Nathan Brown, a well known and respected colored man, died here Tuesday of consumption.

—Hustonville Academy will close on Friday. There will be no public exercises, but the week is being spent in written examination and Friday evening Miss Kate Bogle will entertain the pupils and a few of their friends from 8 until 11 o'clock.

—A number of Hustonville people went to Middleburg last Friday evening to attend the commencement exercises of Janie Wash Institute. All report an enjoyable evening. After the exercises at the Baptist church we were invited to the reunion at the Institute, where in pleasant conversation swift-winged time flew by so rapidly that we did not reach home until the "wee sma' hours of the morning."

—Of about 100,000 trotting and pacing horses which were training in 1892, upward of 17,000 were entered in races. This number, says the Indian Farmer, will probably be increased 25 per cent. in 1893.

WILLIAMSBURG, WHITLEY COUNTY.

—Mrs. H. L. Manning, of Saxton, died at her home Wednesday morning.

—The Blondell & Conkling Comedy Co. are showing here this week at the court-house.

—A party of several couples went down the river on a picnic Saturday afternoon. They took their supper with them and came home by moonlight.

—Court adjourned last Saturday after having done two weeks' good work. The grand jury returned 137 indictments, several of them against prominent citizens for trying shell games on show day. Sheriff J. L. Manning took Howard Wood, convicted at this term of court, and — Smith, an escaped convict, to Frankfort Monday night.

—Elder J. E. Terry preached at the Christian church Sunday. As soon as his school is out he will come and preach for the church the remainder of the year. Elder Terry is quite an able young man, graduating with the honors of his class, and the church has done well in securing his services. Rev. A. S. Petry preached at Watts Creek school-house Sunday afternoon.

—J. N. Sharp is in Harrodsburg this week. Dr. H. V. Pennington and R. M. Jackson, of London, were here Tuesday. J. L. Whitehead is in Louisville. Chas. Gragg, Charley Brittain and — Jones left for the World's Fair Sunday night. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahan returned from their bridal tour Monday evening. They are preparing rooms over Mahan & Co.'s store and will begin housekeeping soon.

—On last Friday night the Gatliff Literary Society gave an open session. The exercises were held at the court-house and it was crowded with people to hear the young orators. C. C. Lawson, president, called the house to order and then invited Judge Morrow to take the chair and preside over the meeting, which he did with much grace and dignity. The young men had their pieces well learned and the orations showed that much time and thought had been given them.

MIDDLEBURG.

—Cy. Russell is confined to his bed with pneumonia, though it is not considered dangerous.

—Rev. J. M. Cook, of Highland, preached the funeral of Miss Mary Fredrick at Grove Sunday morning.

—J. W. McWhorter, Jr., is practicing for the bicycle contest at Frankfort May 30th. Jim can hustle along quite lively.

—Rev. W. A. Gibson preached at the Christian church at Yosemite Sunday morning and at Grove in the afternoon.

—A cipher is said to mean nothing, but the addition of one by your printer made us say that J. M. Durham had bought 40,000 pounds of wool instead of 4,000.

—Our town is very dull since the close of Janie Wash Institute. The pupils from a distance have returned to their homes and the town presents a rather funeral appearance.

—The authorities should be a little more diligent in looking after that whiskey business that is being carried on along the line from Yosemite to Danville. It is claimed that whiskey can be bought at almost any point between the two places. Life seems to be considered cheap in that portion of the county and riots are daily occurrences, all of which is the direct result of the peddling of mean whiskey by disreputable vendors of the infernal stuff. Let us have a general cleaning up of them, like we had in these parts some two years ago and order will be restored.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—John Robinson posted his advertisements over the county Tuesday.

—Allen Lewis, of Leslie county, was here Sunday shaking hands with his many friends.

—Col. Thomas Provence has exchanged his town property for Mrs. Litton's homestead, in the Piney Woods. Mr. Provence moves out and Mrs. Litton in to-day.

—C. J. McLearn, who has been the popular proprietor of the Catching House since its completion, has rented it for another two years.

—Our city dads are having the cut on Sublimity street near the Johnson addition dreamed, something that has been needed for a long time.

—W. L. Brown left Tuesday for Jackson county to attend circuit court. T. J. Johnston and family leave this week for Bell county, where they will make their future home. W. B. Catching left last week for the east on Star Route business and will be gone until December.

—Dr. S. W. Ewell, of Missouri, is here visiting his father, Col. R. E. Ewell, after an absence of seven years. O. M. Randall, who has been deputy collecting all over the State, is at home again. Mr. Charles Kellogg, of Ohio, a former typo of the Mountain Echo, is again at his old position.

—A 17-year-old boy committed suicide at the foot of the Ben Hill monument in the capitol at Atlanta, all for the love of the 15-year-old daughter of the Episcopal rector.

LANCASTER, BARRARD COUNTY.

—A large crowd of young folks enjoyed a picnic at the iron bridge on the Danville pike Monday.

—The sexton's residence at the Lancaster cemetery is receiving a fresh coat of paint and being repaired generally.

—John Robinson's advertising car was here Wednesday and the town county are flooded with show bills. The great circus with stretch its canvass in Lancaster on June 17th.

—John Sam Owaley, Jr., one of the cleverest hearted fellows in the world, was here Thursday on legal business. Judge N. Sandifer, of Danville, was in town this week. J. Mort Rothwell is attending the Mt. Vernon court. Col. R. Smith in town. Mr. John M. Duncan has returned to Lawrenceburg.

—The old frame engine house is at last to be torn hway and a new two-story brick building will take its place. The lower story will be made into an engine room in front and a large police court-room in the rear, while the second story will consist of three offices, to be used by the master commissioner, superintendent of public schools and the county attorney. The cost of the building will be divided between the county and town, each paying an equal amount.

—A fellow giving his name as Littrell and claiming to be a son of Mr. James Littrell, of this county, went to Mr. Sweeney Morgan's, on the Crab Orchard pike, Tuesday, and offered to sell two good yokes of steers for \$80. Mr. Morgan suspected the fellow and told him he would take the cattle, but he would have to accompany him to town to get the money. They came in Wednesday morning and Mr. Morgan told Marshal Hamilton the circumstances and Littrell was lodged in jail on suspicion. Several parties who are acquainted with Mr. Littrell's family went to the jail but failed to recognize the fellow as one of the Littrell children. He claims to have living in Illinois for some years past. Judge Robinson will investigate the case to-day.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The Southern Presbyterian Assembly will meet in Nashville next year.

—The Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly dodged the question of woman representation by referring the matter back to the Presbyteries.

—The Methodist ministers of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity decided to withdraw the Methodist exhibit from the World's Fair because of the proposed Sunday opening.

—The handsome little German Evangelical Protestant church at Lexington was dedicated Sunday, President Loos, of the Kentucky University, delivering an address in German.

—The Kentucky Christian Sunday-School Association convenes in annual session at Richmond June 20, for a three days' session. The programme is to be an interesting one and a large representation is assured. Railroads will give reduced rates.

—Rev. W. E. Ellis tells us that great interest is being manifested in the meeting he is conducting at Mt. Xenia. Large crowds attend nightly, but there have been no additions to date. The meeting will continue till the middle of next week and perhaps longer.

—The judicial committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Washington denied the appeal of Prof. Briggs that the heresy charges against him be heard by the New York Synod instead of the General Assembly, and the trial was begun. A good deal of bitterness is manifested.

—Col. J. E. Peyton, of New Jersey, is engaged in a novel undertaking. It is no less than an international celebration at Jerusalem of the 1900th anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ. The colonel is a professional promoter, but he seems to have exceeded his own bounds this time.

—Rev. Ben Helm has returned from his meeting at Hazel Green, in Wolfe county. En route he preached three times at Torrence, on the K. U., and organized a Sunday-school. The meeting at Hazel Green resulted in seven additions to the church and the breaking down of prejudice against the Presbyterian church.

—Kentucky Methodists will this year have an extended introduction to Bishop Galloway, who, in the plan of Episcopal visitation, will preside at three conferences in this State as subjoined: Louisville Conference, at Elkton, Sept. 27; Kentucky Conference, at Maysville, Sept. 13; Western Virginia Conference, at Ashland, Sept. 6.

A Call on R. H. Bronaugh.

R. H. BRONAUGH, Esq.—Dear Sir: Recognizing in you the kind of timber out of which a legislator should be built, we hereby earnestly solicit you to become a candidate to represent Lincoln county in the next General Assembly. We think that the lifetime of devoted love and labor which you have as a "boy in the trenches" shown should and will be in part recognized by your election to this office. MANY VOTERS. Stanford, May 29.

—WE SELL.—

The Gurney Refrigerator, THE WHITE MOUNTAIN

ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER COOLERS,

Canary and Mocking Bird Cages, Hanging Baskets, Flower, Crocks. New stock of Genuine Carbolie Sheep Dip. Prices reasonable.

McKINNEY BROS.

NEW CARRIAGE SHOP, CAMPBELL & AUSTIN, Pro'rs.

Office and stock room cor. Main and Somerset st.; wareroom, paint and repair shop at old Woolen Mills. Work built to order.

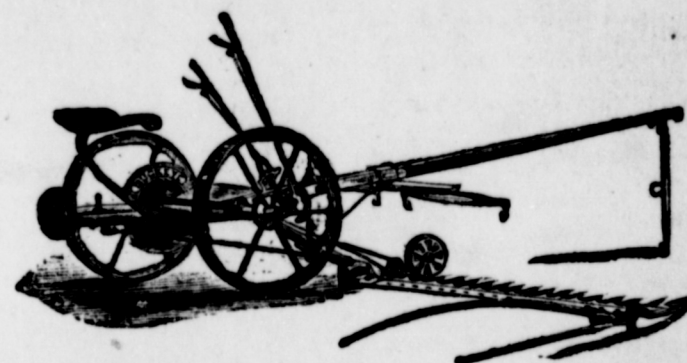
House Painting and Paper Hanging

A specialty. Sign Work, artistic and plain. We guarantee work to give satisfaction. A share of patronage solicited.

CAMPBELL & AUSTIN, Stanford, Ky.

—TO THE— Farmers of Lincoln Co.

We call your attention to the Late Improved

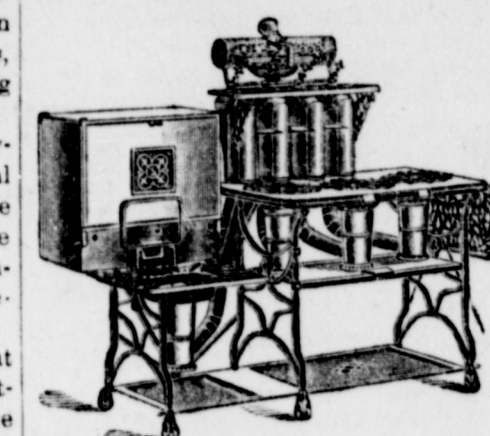


New Buckeye Machines,

And would say to you never buy without first examining it. We assure you that it is the simplest, most durable and the lightest draft machine on the market and less liable to get out of order. Call and it. It is represented at Crab Orchard by W. A. Carson, at Stanford by D. B. Stagg, at McKinney by Alford & McKinney, at Kingsville by W. L. McCarty and at Hustonville by John Riffe.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS

Kept by each agent. Don't fail to see the Buckeye Machines.



NEW PROCESS STOVE.

Saves time labor and expense

Guaranteed to be

PERFECTLY SAFE.

And to give satisfaction.

W. H. WEAREN & CO.

NEW : HOUSE,

New Stock and Lower Prices than ever offered offered here before. See our stock and get prices. We can then convince you that

WE ARE THE LEADERS.

Our stock is complete and immense. All kinds of Dress Goods too numerous to mention are now on our counters. Calicos, 4½c. A few more straw hats sold formerly at \$1.25, now go at 35c. An elegant line of Ladies' Slippers just in. Children's and Boys' Suits from \$6 to \$9 per suit. Come and get a pair of

OUR DOUGLASS OR BUELL SHOES,

They are strictly first-class. Bed Sets, Lace Curtains, &c. In fact we can sell you any thing you ask for. Come one and all and get prices and if we do not sell you we will do you good by giving you pointers. Always

BRING US YOUR PRODUCE.

Eggs, butter, &c. Will give you the top of the market. After this we will give away to every 20th purchaser the amount of the purchaser to \$1, whatever it may be, for 30 days. You will find us at the old stand in Rowland.

STEPHENS & KNOX.

—H. C. RUPLEY,—

Merchant Tailor.

Is Receiving His

SPRING : AND : SUMMER : GOODS.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me a

ON EVERY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

It's lonesome—sort of lonesome—it's a Sunday day to me.
It's lonesome—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air.
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.
They say, though, Decoration days is ginerly observed.
'Most ev'rywhere—esphally by soldier boys—that's served—
But me and mother's never went—we seldom git away—
In pint of fact, we're allus home on Decoration day.
They say the old boys marches through the streets in column grand,
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin on the band—
And citizens all join in—little children, too—
All marchin under shelter of the old red white and blue.



"WE'VE TRIED THAT—ME AND MOTHER."
With roses roses roses—ev'rybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly loaded down!
Oh! don't the boys know it, from their camp across the hill?
Don't they see they com'ards comin and the old flag wavin still?
Oh, can't they hear the bugle and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can recollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses jest to say
They know that ev'ry day on earth's theyr Decoration day?
We've tried that—me and mother—where Elias takes his rest,
In the orchard, in his uniform, and hands across his breast,
And the flag he died for smilin and a-rappin in the breeze
Above his grave, and over that a robin in the trees!
And yit it's lonesome, lonesome—it's a Sunday day to me.
It's lonesome—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air.
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

TOLD AT THE GRAVE.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

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THE base of a mountain spur in northern Arkansas is a grave. There is an air of subdued romance about the place, an indescribable something that breathes a hallowed sadness. The country is of old but thin settlement. Up the narrow valleys the ferns are rank, and on the hillside bellowed vines cling to the rugged trees. The grave is under a willow that shades an open space. It is the only willow in the neighborhood. Once every year since the war a man and a woman have come from the north to decorate this lone grave. At first the woman, bright eyed and springy of step, was exceedingly handsome, but latterly time had ceased to be playful with her. The man was sturdy and of sober mien. He looked as if his life had always held a secret suffering. This man and this woman have rather a unique history.

At the time of the breaking out of the war John and Henry Archer, brothers so nearly alike that they were often taken for twins, lived in Lake county, Ill. John was engaged to marry Tress Pryor, and the day for the wedding was appointed, but before the time came a drum beat, and sturdy young fellows mustered on the grass.

It was evening, and Tress Pryor was standing on the veranda. John rode up, sprang off his horse and with a new accent in his manner—a peculiar bearing—came up the walk.

"Tress," he said, "did you see the men marching?"
"Yes."
"Do you know what it means?"
"They say it means war," she answered.

"It means more than that, Tress. It means that you are to marry a hero."
"I don't know that I understand you," he laughed. "Are you so dull, little sweetheart? It means that I am going to the war."

"It means nothing of the sort," some one exclaimed, and John, wheeling about, saw his brother Henry standing near.
"What's the trouble with you, Henry?"
"There's no trouble with me. I am simply sensible, and you must not be foolish." He pointed to the girl. "There is your present duty. I am going to the war. You are going to stay here, and after awhile if we need you I will send for you."

"Well, now, this is a pretty come off," John declared. "You would make a hero of yourself and a drudge of me. You are not engaged to be married and

are therefore a patriot. I am in love and am consequently a coward. Tress, you needn't say a word. I am going to the war."

"I haven't said anything," the girl replied.

"Good, and it means that you give your consent."

"It means that you must do what you consider your duty."

"You are a brave girl, Tress."

"If not, I shouldn't be worthy of you John."

"That sounds very well," said Henry "but without common sense bravery is but an aimless piece of foolishness."

One soldier from our small family, I should think, is enough to prove our loyalty to the government."

"Henry, you needn't say a word. I'm going to the war."

The next day John and Henry were mustered into the service, and it was not long before they were under fire. One day in a skirmish not far from Fayetteville, Ark., John was shot while standing under a willow tree. He was so severely wounded that it was thought he could live but a few hours, but when the next morning had come he showed signs of improvement. He was taken to the hospital, and his brother Henry was detailed to attend him until an advance should be ordered. One day there came to the hospital a young woman from Kentucky. She had been regarded as a belle in the blue grass country, but she gave up society and went south to nurse wounded soldiers. This young woman took special interest in John Archer. She made a romance of her duty, and at times when the wounded man seemed brighter than usual she would sit near his cot and read poetry to him. But upon this Henry began to look with disapproval, and once when the girl had gone to fetch another book he said to his brother:

"I don't think that's right, John."

"Don't think what's right?"

"Why, having that girl read love verses to you."

"She's reading to herself as much as she is to me."

"I don't know about that, John."

"I do."

"Well, but I don't think it's right, and I know Tress wouldn't approve it."

"Then why doesn't she come and read to me?"

"She doesn't know that you are wounded. I haven't had the heart to tell her."

"Hush! here comes Miss Bush."

Henry withdrew, but some one spoke to him, and he halted within hearing distance of his brother's cot.

"I didn't suppose you were so fond of poetry," said Miss Bush, speaking to John.

"I wasn't until I heard you read it."

"Oh, that's a compliment surely; but tell me, since you acknowledge that I have pointed out the beauty of"—She hesitated.

"Tell you what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But what were you going to say?"

"Something hardly proper, I fear."

"Tell me," he pleaded.

"Oh, I don't suppose that it amounts to anything. I was simply going to ask if there had not been a time when some girl stirred a poetic emotion in your heart."

A few moments elapsed before he replied, "I worked so hard when I was at home that I had but little time for—"

"For love?" she asked.

He nervously fumbled with the covers of the bed, and gently she arranged the pillow for him.

"Near our place," said he, "there is a girl that I've known a long time. I've known her about all her life, I guess."

"What about her?"

"Well, I told her that she should marry a hero. You see, I thought I'd go home covered with glory."

"Oh, you are engaged to her."

"Yes, in a way."

"In a way! Why, what a funny sort of an engagement that must be! Still I read now?"

"If you please."

After returning home it was some time before Henry had the courage to call on Tress Pryor. But one evening he went to see her. As he entered the gate he saw her standing on the spot where she had stood when John came dashing up to tell her that he was going to the war. She reached out and took his hands, and for a time neither of them spoke.

"Tress, he died for his country."



TOOK SPECIAL INTEREST IN JOHN ARCHER.

"And for me," she said.

"Y-es. He lay a long time in the hospital, and we thought he was going to get well, but a sudden change came, and he died. He begged to be buried under the tree where he fell, and we buried him there."

"But did he send no word to me?"

"Oh, yes, he talked about you a great deal. He was brave, and if he had come back you would have married a hero."

And it was Henry Archer and Tress Pryor who went every year to decorate the grave under the willow. They became well known in the neighborhood, and school children used to climb high up the mountain side and get strange flowers for them. Henry moved to the

northwest, but on time every year he would get off the train at the milk station near Tress' home.

One time when he came she said to him:

"It doesn't look right to drag you away from your business every year. My time, you know, doesn't amount to anything."

"Mine doesn't amount to so very much," he answered; "and besides it is a great pleasure to go there."

"Yes, it is. But tell me, Henry, why is it you have never married?"

"Oh, I don't know. Because there have been so many divorces, I suppose."

"That's a queer reason. But it isn't the reason, and you know it," she added, looking him full in the eye.



HE HAD SEIZED HER HANDS.

"Well," he replied, avoiding her gaze, "if that isn't the reason I don't know what it is. Perhaps I had a cause a good while ago."

"And you have forgotten what it was," she said, laughing, but in her laugh there was more of sadness than of mirth.

After a time she asked, "Do you think a man's love is as constant as a woman's?"

"Not always, but sometimes," he answered.

"But do you believe that a man or a woman can love twice with equal devotion?"

"I don't know how it may be with others," he answered, "but I could never love but once."

"Oh, you have been in love, then, have you?"

"Tomorrow we start for the grave," he said.

"Yes, but you have not answered my question."

"I will answer it at the grave."

It was the 30th of last May. Henry and Tress sat under the willow. Another generation of school children had brought violets from wild places and had gathered blossoms on the mountain side.

The grave was ablaze with red roses; white dogwood blossoms and bluebells.

The sun was low. The cows, ringing their bells, were going home. Henry told a story which so often he had related:

"The skirmish was sharp, almost a battle, and there was danger everywhere, but John was too brave to stand behind the tree. I was not far away, and the bullets were buzzing thicker than bumblebees in our meadow, but somehow I was not afraid of being hit—my mind was centered on John. What difference could it have made if I had been shot?"

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted.

"But why should I have cared for myself? There was no one at home waiting for me to come back a hero. He paused for a few moments. "An increase in the firing to the left caused me to turn in that direction, and when I looked back John was down."

"You have never pointed out the place where the hospital stood," she said.

He was silent for a time. "I don't like to think of the hospital."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, on account of a woman."

"You have answered me at the grave," she said, looking away. "You were in love with her."

"No, I wasn't, Tress."

"Yes, you were."

"I swear I wasn't."

"Yes, you were."

"Tress, I hated her."

"Hated her! What for?"

"Because she was your enemy."

"My enemy! Henry, I don't know what you mean. How could she be my enemy?"

"She loved John."

"Oh, and is that all?"

"All," he repeated. "Isn't that enough?"

"To have made her my enemy? No."

"But—but—it's got to come now. John loved her."

"How do you know?" She was so quiet that he was surprised at her.

"I might as well tell you all now. Here," He took from his pocket an old and faded letter. "He told me to give you this, but I hadn't the heart. Read it."

The letter was brief. It was the breaking of an engagement. She read the letter and quietly handed it back to him. He gazed at her in astonishment.

"Tress," he cried, "on his deathbed he married that woman." She did not answer.

"I say he married her."

"Well?"

"Is it possible? Tress, I ought to have told you—ought to have given you the letter—but I thought you worshipped him. And why have you decorated his grave all these years?"

"Because he was your brother."

"What! I—I—don't!"

"Henry, oh, how stupid you have been, you!"

She did not complete the sentence. He had seized her hands. "Merciful heaven, girl, I have always loved you!"

"And, precious, I never loved John, because I loved you, but I was afraid you would despise me if I were not true to his memory. You engaged me to him. I don't know how, but you did."

The sun was down, and the music of the cowbells was far away.

"WIT'Y FAIR AND SKILLFUL FINGERS."

Some Dainty and Useful Articles That Are Easily Made.

There are a great many women who love to possess fanciful things, yet deny themselves this pleasure because they think all fancy work is expensive. Some of it is, but it is possible to make lovely articles for a very small outlay and indeed in many instances without any expense at all, for in almost every house there is quite a large amount of material lying at hand ready for use which any woman with skillful fingers can fashion into dainty and useful articles.

An inexpensive and daintily decorated whisk broom holder may be made of two dozen 1-inch rings covered by crocheting them with silk. The support for the back of the case is made by covering a strip of pasteboard with satin or silk matching in color the silk on the rings. A small brass chain is sewed all around this piece, and the case is suspended by the same. The rings should be sewed together—six in each of the first three rows, four in the next and two in the last. Small brass bells are attached to the lower corner rings and give the holder a pretty finish.

Figured silk forms the material for a useful article—a sort of paper holder or catch all. The foundation consists of three bamboo canes fastened so that their centers cross. The triangular space between each two of the canes above the centers is filled with a piece of pasteboard cut to fit and covered on both sides with silk overhanded on the edges. These pieces should be slightly rounded at the top, and the three being covered should be overhanded together. The basket thus formed is then fastened to the canes, whose ends project about an inch above. A narrow galloon, from which fall tiny tassels, is sewed along the top edges. Ribbon bows at each corner and where the canes cross finish this graceful basket. It is designed to hold newspapers or any bit of fancy work on which the owner may be engaged.

A fancy portfolio that is very pretty is made of bengaline stiffened with canvas. It may be made any desired size. The ends of the sections are folded over so as to almost meet the center, and between the folded over parts and the under part are inserted fans of silk, which give depth to the pockets thus formed. Three bows are tacked near one corner of the pocket and may serve to hold pens and pencils. The pockets and the outside of the portfolio may be decorated with simple designs in oils. Flowered and figured silk works up beautifully this way and when used requires no additional decoration.

An exquisite little article, handsome enough to be used in any parlor or drawing room, is a fancy work bag made of brocade silk and lined with satin. It requires about one yard and a quarter of silk 20 inches wide for the outside and two yards for the inside, including pockets. Two yards and a half of inch-wide ribbon of each color will be sufficient for the strings. First cut out a circular piece of cardboard 6 inches in diameter and cover one side with the brocade and the other side with the lining silk.

The bag itself should be 10 inches deep (including the ruffle at the top) and a yard around. The pockets consist of a piece of lining hemmed at the top and laid on the outside of the lining. Baste down to the outside to form six pockets, and feather stitch through from the outside with embroidery silk. A casing is run in just above the pockets and has an elastic inserted in it. This bag would make a very nice present to any woman friend whose leisure hours are occupied by fancy work.

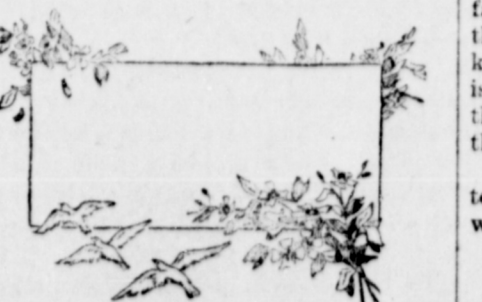
Pale green satin is the material from which a very handsome handkerchief bag can be made. Procure two pieces of heavy pasteboard, circular in shape and about 8 inches in diameter, and cut wadding the exact size, using two layers for the inside of the bag. Sprinkle a great deal of sachet powder upon the wadding; then lay the disks of wadding upon one of the pieces of pasteboard and hold them in place by covering the circle with cheese cloth. Cover the other circle with pale green satin; then a strip of the satin just long enough to go around the circle is turned over at the top to form a hem.

At the lower edge a casing is made by stitching the hem around twice on the machine, using pale green sewing silk. In this casing put two pink silk cords for drawing strings. Then sew the strip to the lower pasteboard used for the bottom and afterward insert the scented sachet, catching it in place with invisible stitches. Then turn it right side out again and sew wild roses (procured at the milliner's) around the lower edge.

The above desirable articles are all easily and quickly made, and besides being useful each one will do a great deal toward giving a room a certain air of daintiness. GERTRUDE WILLETT.

Two Decorative Hints.

A bad place in a wall or wall paper, situated where a picture cannot be made to cover it, is hard to dispose of. Over such a spot a piece of looking glass may be placed, fastened by the corners with double tacks such as are used to put down matting. A decoration of flowers



may be painted in oils around the glass—entirely on it if the wall is papered with figured paper—but made to reach over on the wall if that is covered with cartridge paper or is painted or plain. The glass is fastened on slant.

A simple device and one that every person is capable of carrying out is the use of a Japanese fan whose sticks have been cut off. It is tacked carefully in place, and behind it are several disks of gold and silver paper used for decorative effect. A. I. W.

A POPULAR NOVELIST.

Miss Matt Crim Has Had an Interesting Literary Career.

Miss Matt Crim, the popular young southern novelist, was born in Louisiana, but has spent most of her life in Georgia. She was educated at home entirely and knows nothing of the ordinary schoolgirl life. Her earliest stories were printed in The Sunny South, an Atlanta weekly, and in the Savannah News. Her first story to appear in The Century was "An Unfortunate Creature," a sketch of power and pathos. Since then many stories from her pen have been printed in that magazine, and Harper's and The Independent have also published stories of hers.

Her books are the "Adventures of a Fair Rebel" and "In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere"—the first a complete novel.



MISS MATT CRIM.

the second a collection of well written short stories. The latter has been published in England.

Miss Crim makes her home in New York and is at present engaged on a novel and a play. Her stories have been enhanced by Kemble's illustrations and her novel by Beard's. The first man of letters to show appreciation of Miss Crim's talent and to give her encouragement was Joel Chandler Harris. She feels that she owes much to the kind and sustaining friendship of Mr. E. C. Steadman and treasures gratefully his estimate of her abilities. In appearance she is graceful and girlish. Her manner is entirely simple and unaffected. She is quite young, and her future promises all that her two literary godfathers have predicted for her. MEL R. COLQUITT.

THE WIFE'S IDEAL.

It Is Seldom Found, but the "Second Best" Is Not to Be Despised.

A witty and observant Frenchman once said that a woman would forgive a husband who beat her if he prefaced the performance by presenting her with a bouquet. Amelie Rives speaks of some one giving "the hopeless and helpless sigh of one who feels that she could make better love than her lover."

It is, to say the least, unfortunate that the sex which so peculiarly appreciates certain qualities should be the only one, broadly speaking, to possess them. Consideration in little things, delicate perceptions, quick intuitions—these are of vital importance to a woman's highest happiness, and they are the very things which, whatever else may come to her, she is certain never to have and to hold.

But "the second best of life" are not to be despised. No one has what he most wishes for, and they can be still happy and in a great measure contented who receive something a good deal lower than their ideal, and woman in the abstract, who is by nature most imperious and critical in her demands, has also had pre-eminently bestowed upon her, according to the divine law of equation, that faculty of making the best of circumstances. Dr. Holmes expresses his pitying wonder over an obvious truth, "There is nothing short of a gorilla which a good and pretty woman cannot take and make a husband out of."

The husband she wants, then, is considerate and thoughtful. He remembers her little aches and pains, and, in the quaint southern phrase, "munches" her. That is her day dream. What she absolutely requires is that he should be manly, not petty or effeminate, not given to gossip and meannesses that we sorrowfully admit belong by right or wrong to the weaker vessel.

He should be truthful—at least moderately truthful. He should take her into his confidence and tell her what he is doing in his business and why and what. It is not easy to forgive him who causes one mortification; so according to his means he should be just if not generous, and never, never make her stoop to what is painful beyond guessing by his bigger, blunter senses—the asking him for money. Neither should that bitter mortification come through any open neglect, nor unkind, if thoughtless, speech or conduct.

She is not demanding too much who requires all this. She is, if a good wife, as is presupposed, but calling for her just due.

She wants him to be the soul of honor, to be kind and brave, and to respect religion and to walk within its ways—to be, in short, not alone a husband, but a father—the model to whom she may point those little fellows leaning upon her knee and say to them, "You know that is right because your father does it, and this is wrong because he would scorn the very thought."

Object lessons are the most potent teaching. How can a mother work without their aid or in the face of them? RUTH HALL.

A Premium on Single Life.

The city council of Toronto will petition the Ontario legislature to grant municipal suffrage to all women in Ontario. Single women and widows have enjoyed this right for some time. Do the men who make laws abridging the property and civil rights of wives ever reflect that they are thus putting a premium on single life for women?

Miss E. C. Putnam is one of the trustees of the Massachusetts primary and reform schools.

CURES RISING

THE BREAST

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mother for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone.

MISS M. M. BRISTON, Montgomery, Ala.

I can tell all expectant mothers if they will use a few bottles of Mother's Friend they will go through the ordeal without any pain and suffering.

MISS J. F. MOORE, Columbia, Cal.

Used Mother's Friend before birth of my eighth child. Will never cease its praise.

Send by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Sold by all druggists. ATLANTA, GA.

CABRIEL.

Dark iron gray jack, 14½ hands high, bred by Wm. Hubble, sired by an imported jack, dam by an imported jennet. Owing to the lateness of the season I will stand him at very low terms at the Wm. Hays place, 2 miles from Stanford.

At \$5 to Insure a Living Colt.

Mares traded or parted with forfeits insurance. Grass on reasonable terms; not responsible for accidents. TILFORD MESSER.

QUININE S.

(Record 228) over a half mile track.

By ABDALLAH MAMBRINO.

Sire of Mattie H. 2:11; Geneva S. 2:19.

Bettie Jones 2:19 and others.

First dam Ella Hopkins, by Octroon.

Second dam Mollie Winfrey, by Avent's Ahue, sire of William Singler 2:16 and Nora G. 2:28.

Quinine S. will make the season of 1893 at my farm, near Danville.

At \$25 to Insure a Living Colt.

A. W. SMITH, Danville, Ky.

SCREAMER

A mahogany bay, black mane and tail, 16 hands high. Fine saddle station, foaled May 15, 1888. Sired by the well known saddle station Screamer, he by a noted Denmark horse.

First dam by a Second Gilt, 2d dam by Logan's Gilt, 3d dam by Gilt's Vermont.

Old Screamer in his day and time was a fine show horse and has produced a fine lot of saddle horses. This young stallion has a few coming 2-year-olds and yearlings that show fine saddle qualities and are good ones. Screamer will make the season of 1893 at the stable of his owner on the Dix River, and Gaillard County turnpike, near Dudders's Mill.

At \$8 to insure a Living Colt.

I will at the same time and place stand my 5-year-old jack.

JOE HEMERY

At \$3 for a mare and \$5 for a horse, to insure a living colt money due on all sales when colts come 11 months are traded off or removed from the neighborhood without satisfying me that they are not in fact, season becomes difficult. Lien retained on colts till money is paid. Address

C. M. SPOONMORE, Rowland, Ky.

VICTOR : HUGO.

This fine young stallion will make the season of 1893 at my place, 14 miles from Shelby City, on the Knob Lick pike, at

\$12.50 to insure a Living Colt.

Victor Hugo is a beautiful red sorrel goes all the gaits and is a regular Jim Dandy nice one.

He was sired by Gilt Edge 261, he by Second Jewel 48. Second Jewel was sired by Cunningham's Jewel, he by old Washington Denmark.

Gilt Edge's dam was by Stonewall Jackson.

Victor Hugo's dam was by St. Elmore, she by Logan's Gilt, she by Gilt's Vermont, Gilt's Vermont, out of Anna C. dam of Lee Paul.

Money due when colt comes or mare parted with. Mares grazed or fed at reasonable prices. Not responsible for accidents should any occur.

JOHN SANDIDGE, Shelby City, Ky.

ONWARD MESSENGER.

Standard. Bred by Charles Dunn.

Sired by ONWARD CHIEF 4495.

By Onward 1411, record 2:25, sire of 49 in 2:30 list, also 17 producing sons and 12 producing daughters.

1st dam Lady Messenger, by Hutchinson's Chief 1240, 2d dam Eliza Jane, (dam of Maud Messenger 2161, Merit 2:37) by Gentle Breeze 3456, sire of Pearl 2:30, 3d dam Kitty Rivers, dam of Bertie Gilt 2:37, by Abdallah 15, sire of Belmont, Belmont, 4th dam by Red Jacket, sire of the dam of Kentucky Wilkes 221, Madison Wilkes 2284 and granddam of Red Wilkes, So So 2173, Lizzie Wilkes 2224, &c.

Bay horse, heavy mane and tail, with size, style and finish, and representing some of the best trotting families in the whole country. Should make a great stock horse. Will make a short season at our stable 24 miles west of Stanford, at

\$12.50 to insure a Mare in Foal.

At same place a

LARGE MULE JACK

At \$10 to insure

J. A. & S. T. HARRIS, Stanford, Ky.

Wedgewood 436.

This fine saddle station will make the season of 1893 at my stable one mile west of McCormack's Church on the Dix River, near Dudders's Mill, and Turnersville turnpike, Lincoln Co., Ky.

55 the Season, or \$10 to insure a Living Colt Four Months Old.

Colts standing good until season money is paid, mares parted with or removed from Co. forfeits insurance money. Description and Pedigree.

He is a dark bay, 15½ hands high, heavy mane and tail, very smooth, even turned horse, all the fancy saddle gait which he transmits to all his progeny. He was sired by Second Jewel 48, he by Jewel Denmark, Cunningham 74, 3d dam by Washington Denmark 64.

1st dam Lillie Denmark sired by old Stonewall Jackson 74, he by old Washington Denmark 64, dam Crossard 80, 2d dam was sired by Riffe's Glencoe, he by L. Glencoe dam a thoroughbred, 3d dam was sired by the great old Tom Hal and out of a Copper horse.

Realizing the great demand for a first class saddle station I have taken great pains to cross this horse and I respectfully invite the inspection and patronage of every one wishing to breed to a horse belonging to the most popular and fashionable breed families of his class, as he crosses back to the acknowledged foundation saddle station.

Mares kept any way on liberal terms, but not responsible for any accidents should any occur.

J. M. CARTER, JR., Shelby City, Ky.

SILVER TIP 169.

This handsome saddle station will make the season of 1893 at the stable of Beasley Bros., one mile west of Stanford on the Hustonville turnpike.

At \$15 to insure a Living Colt.

Money due when colt is foaled or mare parted with, moved out or removed from Co. forfeits insurance money. Pasture furnished mares from a distance at \$2 per month. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but in no event will we be responsible for either.

Pedigree: Silver Tip was sired by Silver King, he by On Time, he by Stonewall Jackson.

First dam by Skedaddle, by Oliver, son of Waggoner, second dam by Red Lion.

Silver King's dam was Mollie Mounce, sired by Cabell's Lexington, son of Blood's Black Hawk, 2d dam by Young America, son of Taylor's Messenger. Skedaddle's 1st dam by Meloc, 2d dam by Trumpton, 3d dam Aratus.

Silver Tip was foaled May 5, 1888, is a beautiful red bay, 15½ hands high, fine mane and tail, which he carries to perfection. We claim for this young stallion that he is one of the very best saddle stations in the country.

In a word, he is a model in form and as a saddle horse. It can be readily seen that this is one of the finest bred saddle stations in the State, with the very best saddle blood coursing through his veins, backed up on both sides by thoroughbreds. In addition to this station's saddle qualities, he is a bold, open trot, which eminently recommends him as a sire of high class combined horses.

We can readily recommend him as a fine breeder, as this will be his third season, and he will compare favorably with the get of any horse in the country.

BEASLEY BROS. W. H. HAYS

Denmark Chief.

Denmark Chief will make the present season at

\$8 to insure a Living Colt

He is a nice bay, 15 hands 3½ inches high, four years old. He saddles well, but has not been trained. He is by Hutchinson Chief, No. 1240, by Messenger Chief, Hutchinson Chief's first dam by Sentinel, 2d dam by Alexander's Abolish, 3d dam by Red Jacket. Messenger Chief by Abdallah Pilot, 1st dam by Mambrino Messenger, 2d dam by Mambrino Chief, 3d dam by Imp. Napoleon.

Denmark Chief's 1st dam was sired by Sumpter Denmark, he by Goddard's Denmark, he by Gaines & Cromwell's Denmark, he by the race horse Denmark, he by Imp. Hedgeford. His 2d dam was by On Time, 3d dam by Red Lion.

I will also stand at same place my fine mule jack

PRINCE, JR.,

By Hubble's Prince, the sire of Brignoli and Joe Blackburn.

At \$8 to insure.

Mares parted with forfeits the insurance.

L. D. GARNER, Crab Orchard, Ky.

SEASON OF 1893.

LEXINGTON DENMARK,

The Combined Stallion at \$15 to insure a Living Colt.

EMPEROR 27.

The Standard and Registered Jennet Jack at \$15 for Mule and Jennet Colts, and \$25 for Jacks, Same Terms.

For Full Description and Extended Pedigree call on or address,

I. S. TEVIS, (Near) Shelby City, Ky.

GILT EDGE 261.

Registered.

By Second Jewel 48.

Old Stonewall Jackson.

1st dam Lady Messenger, by Hutchinson's Chief 1240, 2d dam Eliza Jane, (dam of Maud Messenger 2161, Merit 2:37) by Gentle Breeze 3456, sire of Pearl 2:30, 3d dam Kitty Rivers, dam of Bertie Gilt 2:37, by Abdallah 15, sire of Belmont, Belmont, 4th dam by Red Jacket, sire of the dam of Kentucky Wilkes 221, Madison Wilkes 2284 and granddam of Red Wilkes, So So 2173, Lizzie Wilkes 2224, &c.

Bay horse, heavy mane and tail, with size, style and finish, and representing some of the best trotting families in the whole country. Should make a great stock horse. Will make a short season at our stable 24 miles west of Stanford, at

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At \$10 to insure

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1st dam Lillie Denmark sired by old Stonewall Jackson 74, he by old Washington Denmark 64, dam Crossard 80, 2d dam was sired by Riffe's Glencoe, he by L. Glencoe dam a thoroughbred, 3d dam was sired by the great old Tom Hal and out of a Copper horse.

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We can readily recommend him as a fine breeder, as this will be his third season, and he will compare favorably with the get of any horse in the country.

BEASLEY BROS. W. H. HAYS

COL. 23.

Bay horse, foaled 1893, record 2:25.

1st dam Lady, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 2d dam, 4th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 3d dam, 4th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 5th dam, 6th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 7th dam, 8th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 9th dam, 10th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 11th dam, 12th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 13th dam, 14th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 15th dam, 16th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 17th dam, 18th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 19th dam, 20th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 21st dam, 22nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 23rd dam, 24th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 25th dam, 26th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 27th dam, 28th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 29th dam, 30th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 31st dam, 32nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 33rd dam, 34th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 35th dam, 36th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 37th dam, 38th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 39th dam, 40th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 41st dam, 42nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 43rd dam, 44th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 45th dam, 46th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 47th dam, 48th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 49th dam, 50th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 51st dam, 52nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 53rd dam, 54th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 55th dam, 56th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 57th dam, 58th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 59th dam, 60th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 61st dam, 62nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 63rd dam, 64th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 65th dam, 66th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 67th dam, 68th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 69th dam, 70th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 71st dam, 72nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 73rd dam, 74th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 75th dam, 76th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 77th dam, 78th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 79th dam, 80th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 81st dam, 82nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 83rd dam, 84th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 85th dam, 86th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 87th dam, 88th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 89th dam, 90th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 91st dam, 92nd dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 93rd dam, 94th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 95th dam, 96th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 97th dam, 98th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229, 99th dam, 100th dam, by Meuse Wilkes 229.

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EIGHT : PAGES.
EVERY FRIDAY.

The remains of the late beloved president of the Confederate States, Hon. Jefferson Davis, will be moved from their temporary resting place at New Orleans to Hollywood Cemetery next week, where they will await the resurrection. The three days' journey will be a continuous ovation by the Southern people, in honor of their departed leader. The ceremonies at Richmond will be very simple. After the procession has halted in the cemetery, and the various organizations have been assigned to the positions they will occupy, the band will render a funeral dirge, which has been composed by Prof. Jacob Reinhard, of that city. Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi, will read a selection from Scripture, after which the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," will be sung. Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, of Richmond, will then offer a prayer, and this invocation will be followed by the interment. The benediction will be pronounced by Rev. Dr. O. S. Barton, the rector of Christ's church, Norfolk, who was particularly attentive to Mr. Davis while he was imprisoned at Fort Monroe. On our seventh page will be found excellent pictures of the Davis family. The one of Mr. Davis represents him as he looked when he was chief executive of the proud but ill-fated Confederacy, those of Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie are as they now appear. It will be worth a pilgrimage to the capital of the Confederate States to see the crowds of old soldiers who will gather to pay the last tribute of respect to their leader and witness the unparalleled devotion that they entertain for his memory. There is nothing wrong in this love for their old leaders. On the contrary, it is most commendable. These old soldiers accepted in good faith the arbitrament of arms and are as true now as the truest to the best government the world ever saw, and it is a mean and contracted heart that would deny them the privilege of weeping over their dead, or call into question their loyalty for doing so. The South reveres her dead heroes. Let her show it without invidious remark or cruel taunts.

The Louisville editors have arranged to royally entertain the Kentucky Press Association next Monday afternoon and evening. The meeting will be in the Commercial Club rooms, where Mayor Tyler will deliver an address of welcome and turn over the keys of the city to the guests. President C. M. Meacham will respond. President Bowden, of the Commercial Club, will also have something to say, and numerous editors will deliver themselves of long-pent up eloquence, if the hose is not turned upon them. A punch-bowl and other accompaniments will accentuate the warmth of the welcome to the city. In the evening music and refreshments will be discussed at Phoenix Hill. The Globe Quartet has been engaged and Sol Marcossion, the noted violinist, together with the flower of the other local talent, has consented to appear and perform. The next morning the members of the Association, with their wives and sweethearts, will leave for Chicago on a special train, kindly tendered free of cost by the Pennsylvania railroad and for several days they will try to forget the ills they have in unrestrained enjoyment. It is estimated that there will be 100 in the party, including Gov. Brown, who will go to Chicago to assist in the dedication of the Kentucky building, which occurs on the 1st.

The agony is over and Mr. Charles H. Rodas, of Danville, will be collector of this district. Gov. McCreary and the president have settled the matter and the other 19 applicants are trying to console themselves with the thought that whatever is best. The appointment is a very satisfactory solution of a very vexed question and will be generally accepted as the wisest under all the circumstances. Mr. Rodas is a sterling democrat and an excellent gentleman, and will fill the position with credit to the party in power.

LOUISVILLE came near being an exception to the rule that cyclones do not use the same path twice. About 4 A. M. Tuesday a "twister" struck the lower end of the city, demolishing houses and doing much damage, but fortunately killing no one. The houses were mostly in a dilapidated condition, save those of the L. & N., which besides other damages, suffered a loss of \$6,000 to its round-house. The storm lasted but a few minutes, but it was frightful while it did last.

The Pennsylvania and Lake Shore railroads are proving that they are exceptions to the general rule that corporations are soulless. Desiring to show their appreciation of the faithful service of their employees, these roads will give every man connected with them a vacation of two weeks and furnish them and their families free transportation to the World's Fair.

The Grand Army of the Republic has proved what all sensible men knew before—that it was organized to levy tribute upon the people and get pensions honestly if possible, but anyhow to get pensions. In other words, the "Grand Army of the Republics," as our distinguished fellow citizen, the Hon. Brent Hays, commander of the local colored post, calls the organization, is out for the stuff, and will not tolerate any expression of advocacy of honest pensions by its members. The charter of the Farnham Post of New York city has just been revoked by order of Commander-in-Chief Weissert, because it had the courage and patriotism to pass resolutions condemning the present pension system and inveighing against the issuing of pensions to any but those soldiers who, by reason of wounds or other disabilities are incapacitated from earning a living, adding very truthfully that as much real patriotism may be shown by refraining in the time of peace from inflicting unnecessary burdens on the country as by coming to her defense in time of war. Commander Weissert says the passing and parading of such resolutions before the public and disseminating them among the posts is in contravention of the rules of the organization and hostile to its principles. This candid admission of the purposes of the G. A. R. ought to convince everybody that it is time to call a halt on the rapacious concern. There is a limit to natural as well as human endurance and that limit has been reached. No one begrudges the liberal pensioning of those who deserve it, but the line must be drawn at coffee-coolers, camp-followers, sutlers and bounty-jumpers, and the pension list be restored to a roll of honor.

PATIENCE has ceased to be a virtue. The people have stood the Legislature as long as they can and if the members are wise in their day and generation they will read the handwriting on the wall, shut up shop and go home. They are doing nothing and cannot do anything without a quorum, except to mulct the State \$1,000 a day. Now is the accepted time to adjourn. To-morrow the righteous indignation of an outraged populace may make it too late for action. Verb sat, sap.

ENNETT LOGAN has bought a new suit of clothes and now sports a diamond pin and a stove pipe hat. At least that is the way the clever cartoonist of the Louisville Commercial pictures the editor of the Times. If it be really true that Logan has reformed in the matter of dress, his best friends of the rural rooster brigade won't know him next week, unless perchance those No. 11 feet maintain their former classic appearance.

NEWSY NOTES.

—The National Commission voted 30 to 27 to open the World's Fair on Sunday.

—Mrs. Gottlieb, of Upper Sandusky, O., fell dead just as she was preparing to take sacrament.

—The Monarch Distillery, at Peoria, Ill., the largest in the world, has succeeded from the whisky trust.

—The House voted 43 to 24 to change the Feeble-Minded Institute to an asylum for insane women.

—Three hundred buildings were destroyed by fire at Saganaw, Mich., causing a loss of \$1,500,000.

—John Martin killed Mattie Young, a woman of ill-repute, in at general row at the Gum Spring Saloon, in Middlesboro.

—James Whitcomb Riley and Douglass Sherley will betroth for 80 nights in joint readings during the season of 1893-94.

—James Brown and Miss Mary Smoot, while walking on a trestle on their way to church were run over and killed by a passenger train.

—The new armored cruiser New York maintained a speed of 21.09 knots an hour on its official trial trip, breaking the record for war vessels.

—A dude dropped a cigarette in a stable at Nashville and a \$30,000 fire was the result. The worst part of it is the dude escaped the flames.

—Fire in the hold of the steamer Roanoke, of the Old Dominion line, lying in New York harbor, destroyed cotton to the amount of about \$5,000.

—Sam Drake has just died; Murdoch died last week; Booth is very ill, and Jefferson has had a bad spell. The veterans of the stage are leaving us.

—The Citizens Bank of Johnson City, Tenn., has suspended. The bank had an authorized capital of \$100,000. The liabilities are \$38,000; assets estimated at \$78,000.

—At Danville, Ind., Sam Wesner was shot and fatally wounded by Coley Brown. Wesner died in a short time. His last words were, "Pull off my boots. I do not want to die with them on."

—Two Richmond citizens are on their way to San Francisco mounted on bicycles. Mr. A. D. Huff, one of the wheelmen, is 65 years old, and Edward Mitchell is sufficiently aged to be known as "Pap."

—Theodore Schwartz, the Louisville banker, was acquitted at Shelbyville, where the case had been taken on a change of venue, of embezzling the endowment fund of the German Orphan Asylum.

—A plot to release 16 desperate convicts in the Frankfort penitentiary was discovered just in time to prevent its being carried out. The plan was to make a rush just as the Sunday-school teachers were passing out.

—Dr. William Hume Harris, a prominent Louisville physician, is dead.

—Gov. Hogg, of Texas, has vetoed the sugar bounty bill passed by the recent Legislature.

—Mrs. Mary Bozorth, of Grayson, is a candidate for jailer to fill the unexpired term of her husband who died not long since.

—The Pharmaceutical Association which has been in session in Louisville, chose R. J. Snyder, of that city, for president and selected Paris as the next place of meeting.

—Miss Mollie Hewlett, of Gallatin, Tenn., shot herself through the head because Clarence Garnett, a young lawyer, illegally married her and after accomplishing his purpose deserted her.

—A fabulous gold strike is reported from the Grand Summit mines in Washington. At a depth of 300 feet an almost solid body of pure gold was discovered, a 17-pound piece of ore assaying two pounds of pure gold, equal to a value of \$175,000 a ton.

—The navy department has completed arrangements for conveying the Columbus caravels, the Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina, from New York to Chicago. They will be towed through the St. Lawrence and the cost of transportation will reach almost \$5,000.

—United States Marshal Blackburn and a force of 150 deputies went yesterday to act as a body guard to Special Collector Capps, who seeks to levy on the property of Muhlenberg county taxpayers, carrying out an order of court in the famous railroad tax suit.

—Tom Litzburg, of Cincinnati, has been arrested and placed in jail on a charge sworn out by the Enquirer. The charge is that of counterfeiting coupons in the contest which that paper is carrying on for the purpose of ascertaining the most popular policeman, teacher, fireman, etc.

—Mrs. P. J. Baehr, of Columbus, Ohio, has just died of blood poisoning, caused by a slight scratch on her finger, received while opening a can of corn beef. Her physicians say the poisoning was caused by fatty matter getting into the wound. While the husband of the deceased was dressing her sores he was poisoned and he too will likely die.

—Marshal Mernaugh, of Paris, shot and fatally wounded Bush Hart, Sr. Hart and son had had trouble with a butcher named McCandless and were preparing to waylay that gentleman. The marshal was notified and he asked the Harts to go on and avoid any trouble. The elder Hart became infuriated and fired at Mernaugh, missing him. Mernaugh then fired the fatal shot.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Frank Brinkley shipped a few days since a white snake to Frank Riley, of London.

—Mr. P. T. Welsh and Miss Ellen Dolin, of this place, were married at Middlesboro Wednesday.

—New heavy steel rails and full ballast will be put in between Brodhead and Altamont this summer.

—Circuit court opened Monday, Judge T. Z. Morrow presiding and Commonwealth's Attorney C. N. Lester at his post.

—Ben Harrison, the son of ex-Sheriff Jones, died from the effects of the injury received last week and was buried Wednesday.

—Frank Brinkley had a round of it Tuesday night. He introduced Lawyer Phillips as "Burr" Kilgore, the Texas Congressman, who kicked in the doors of the House.

—Monday night some unknown party went to the house of Jerusha Giles near Brodhead, forced a plank from the side of the building and fired a shot into the house, striking and fatally wounding Mrs. Giles. Three buckshot took effect in her arm and side. No trace yet of the perpetrator nor is known the reason for the deed.

—Lawyer Russell and wife were here Tuesday. Col. Alvah Pullins, of Garrard, was here with John Pearl, of London, Wednesday. Mr. George Denny is here from Lancaster in the land business.

—Mr. John Morris, superintendent of the Pine Hill Coal Co., was in town Wednesday. Messrs. G. D. and John Cook and R. C. Williams, of Livingston, are here this week. W. J. Bower, of Parksville, is with the Signal again. Messrs. R. L. Martin and A. J. Pike, of Brodhead, were in town this week. Mr. E. Woodall, a director of the A. & M. R. R., has been with us this week. F. F. Bobbitt is attending circuit court. Capt. F. M. Ansley and Frank Harris were attending court here Wednesday.

—Circuit Court Items.—Sid Durham was fined \$150 for selling liquor at Wildie. Durham is now in the custody of the jailer, but will likely be released, as he is badly afflicted with Bright's disease. The case against Robt. Cook, charged with murder was dismissed on peremptory instructions of the judge. It will be remembered that Miss Burnett, of the Scaffold Cane neighborhood, committed suicide about a year since. Young Cook was charged with having furnished her with the poison with which she took her life and a grand jury returned an indictment last September. J. F. Kearnes, of Lebanon, against whom the grand jury found indictment at February term, was tried and acquitted by peremptory instructions. The charge was shipping whisky C. O. D. into this county, which has a prohibitory law. Rulings of the superior court say there is no legal reason to prevent such shipments.

NOT TOO LATE YET.

To follow up our last week's success with another triumph—to make it practically plain to you we have built up such an immense business in so short a while, we announce a Remarkable Sale, the merits of which are sure to be appreciated by all who come.

LADIES!

We call your attention to our LACE CURTAINS, BLINDS, &C. We can sell you a pair of lace curtains for 40c, worth 75c; a pair for 65c, worth \$1. A pair for \$1.25, worth \$1.75; a pair for \$1.50, worth \$2; a pair for \$1.75, worth \$2.50. 6 foot Linen Blinds for 35c. We have just received a big line of

CARPETS AND MATTINGS,

Which we will offer at greatly reduced prices. We are booming things in

OUR -- CLOTHING -- DEPARTMENT.

Never so busy as last week in clothing department. Low Prices, Cut Prices did it. BOYS! Don't fail to get one of our 75c suits, worth \$1.50. Men's suit for \$3.50, worth \$7. Men's strictly all wool suits for \$5 that you can't buy elsewhere for less than \$10. Cottonade pants for 50c, Men's jeans pants for 75c. Come and see. Seeing is believing.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—A farm of 162 acres near Paris sold at \$95 an acre.

—B. F. Jones, Jr., bought of J. T. Terry a phonograph for \$100.

—Martin & Craig bought of Dr. J. T. Morris a lot of butcher stuff at 2½c.

—One planter at Orlando, Fla., has 60,000 pineapple plants under a single shed.

—W. H. Hays sold to M. S. Baughman for I. M. Dunn a saddle mare, 6 years old, for \$150.

—The wheat crop in this county is looking splendidly and a large yield is assured.

—Fifty six yearlings from the Rannymede stud at Paris were sold in New York for an average of \$900.

—D. E. Watts, of Woodford county, sold to Hambright, of Georgetown, 22 2-year old cattle at \$45.45.—Times.

—John Saunders, of Garrard, bought in Rockcastle and Laurel a lot of mountain heifers and steers at 2 to 2½c.

—The yield of sugar in Cuba is estimated at 80,000 tons, a very large increase over the average production.

—The Climax says that Covington, Arnold & Co. have bought 40,000 pounds of wool in Madison at an average of 21c.

—Gover & Nunnally bought in the East End 16 extra good butcher cattle at 2½c and a brood mare of James Oaks for \$80.

—Banquet won the Parkway Handicap, beating Diablo, the Brooklyn Handicap winner, by a length. Illume was third.

—Forty-nine yearlings from the McGrathiana stud, Lexington, were sold at Tattersalls, N. Y., for \$69,500, an average of \$1,425.

—Mr. J. B. Green, of Hustonville, was here yesterday. He told us he has bought 30,000 pounds of wool this season at an average of 22½c.

—Wm. Moreland bought of O. P. Newland a bunch of hogs for July delivery at 6c and of E. C. Montgomery 80 hogs for June 1 delivery at 5c.

—The Winchester Democrats says there were only 200 cattle on the market Monday and prices ran from 2½ to 3½c. Sales of hogs are reported at 6½c.

—REMEMBER entries to the \$300 saddle stallion purse close June 15. Write to Secretary Lincoln County Fair for entry blanks. Fair date July 27 and 28.

—James Helm bought in Wayne and Pulaski a bunch of extra good heifers and steers at 2½ to 2½c. He also bought a small bunch of hogs at 5 to 6c.

—R. H. Crow tells us that he had foaled a few nights ago a fine colt by Temple Bar, 2:17½, dam by Hailstorm. The colt is of fine size, beautifully formed and an exact counterpart of his great sire and Mr. Crow is very proud of it.

—E. P. Faulconer, of Danville, had the misfortune to lose his handsome and speedy young stallion, Atoka, Saturday, from stricture. Atoka was by Abdallah Mambrino and out of the dam of Soto, 2:20½. He had never been regularly trained, but had shown a quarter in 37 seconds.

—M. S. Baughman is having a splendid season this year and the best part of it is he is serving some of the best mares in the country. George Dictator has proven himself a splendid breeder and is a veritable gold mine to Mr. Baughman. Le Grand, the saddler, although in his first season here, is getting lots of work to do, while with his jacks Mr. B. has served mares by the hundreds. The big "ad." that this clever gentleman has been running no doubt has had something to do with his splendid success.

I Have Purchased of
W. H. Higgins.

His entire interest in the

GROCERY
—Aud—
HARDWARE
CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, &C.,

And ask a continuance of the patronage extended the firm of Higgins & VanArsdale, and will make it to the interest of others to trade with me. The books and accounts have been transferred to me and I will continue the latter with all who desire.

Clothing, Boots and Shoes will be sold regardless of cost to close out stock.

J. K. VANARSDALE

FOR.....
Fancy Groceries, Bread, Cakes, Pies

Candies, Lunches, Fruits, &c.,

CALL ON R. ZIMMER,
THE BAKER.

A Good Meal for 25 Cts.

Orders for Bread by Mail or Telegraph Promptly Attended to. Address,
R. ZIMMER, Stanford, Ky.



—WE HAVE FOR SALE—

The Deering Improved Steel Binders,
The simplest binder made.

The Pony Deering Binder.

Or two-horse binder. Deering Mower and Deering Binder Twine. Call on us for a beautifully illustrated catalogue, "Triumphs of the 19th Century," describing Chicago, the World's Fair, and the big Deering works; also a lot of neat memorandum books. It will be to the interest of every farmer who needs machines to see us before buying elsewhere. We will always be found at the office of the Stanford Roller Mills.

J. H. BAUGHMAN, AGENT.
W. H. HAYS, Assistant.

PERSONAL POINTS.

MR. AND MRS. A. C. SINE went to Cincinnati Tuesday.

Mrs. W. E. ELLIS has gone to Glasgow to visit her parents.

Mrs. R. E. HUGHES was over to see the Misses Barnes yesterday.

Miss JULIA PRYTON returned from Louisville for the summer yesterday.

Mr. P. M. McROBERTS went over to Falmouth this week on legal business.

Mr. J. T. HASLETT, section foreman on the K. U., is down on a visit to his folks.

Mrs. O. V. RILEY and children, of Pineville, are visiting Mrs. Emily Jones.

Mrs. A. D. JONES, of Kirksville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Lyon, of Hustonville.

Mrs. T. A. JOHNSTON, of Covington, and Mrs. J. F. Woolums, of Millersburg, are visiting Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Kirby.

Misses ORA WILMORE, of Washington City, and Lottie Dillion, of Crab Orchard are guests of Miss Mary Davies Dudderar.

Miss ISABEL OWENLY returned to Middeboro with Miss Fannie Pennington yesterday, and will be her guest for a few weeks.

Mrs. ANN BAILEY, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. Lou Shanks, for some time, returned to her home in Shelby Wednesday.

Prof. JOSHUA DATSON, who says he was for ten years the organist of Queen Victoria in the government church of England, is putting the finishing touches on the Stanford Gold Band.

Misses SALLIE SMITH and Virgie White two charming young ladies of Lincoln county, the former of Hubble and the latter of Stanford, are visiting Mrs. A. P. White.—Louisville Post.

Mrs. H. T. HARRIS came up from Louisville Wednesday to attend the Barnes meetings and she and her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Lord, have taken rooms at Mrs. Rannie Burks' boarding house.

CITY AND VICINITY.

STANFORD Gold Band Concert, June 2.

FINE line of new clocks at rock bottom prices. Danks, jeweler.

Six fine photographs for \$1 at A. J. Earp's. Give him a call.

Ice cream freezers, fruit saucers and berry bowls at A. A. Warren's.

You can get a handsome picture frame at Earp's Gallery at a low price.

You should see our new Point d'Alpine and Point de Breuges laces. Severance & Son.

The kid nine will go to Lancaster this afternoon and cross bats with the team at that place.

Five different sizes Leonard ice chests. Will save you 200 per cent. of your ice bill. W. H. Wearen & Co.

My ice cream parlor is now open and the public can be served at any hour. I will also supply families with ice cream by the quantity. R. Zimmer.

PICTURES, PICTURES!—The Rowland Gallery is in motion and playing a land office business. Come one, come all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Frank Corrier.

In order not to draw too heavily from the Barnes' meeting, the Declaratory contest advertised for next Tuesday night has been postponed till the following week.

Hot and cold waves follow each other in rapid succession. It has been very chilly and very warm again since last issue and the prediction now is that after showers it will be cooler to-day.

PRaise the Lord! The fountain is up again. Some people are hypercritical enough to say, however, that it looks more like a fish stand than that for which it is intended. It is not very imposing looking, we must admit, but beats no fountain badly.

This office was surprised Wednesday by the payment of an account that had been running ever since Aug. 26, 1881, nearly 12 years. At ordinary interest it would have nearly doubled itself, but we did not mention interest so glad were we to get the principal of an outlived account.

A LETTER from Virginia informs the writer of the death of a paternal aunt, Mrs. Patsy Smith, aged nearly four score. She was a true christian and a model woman in every respect. Her death leaves but three of a large family, most of whom lived to a ripe old age. The remaining three are either past the allotted span of life or nearing it.

SHOT HIM.—Armstead Hiatt, formerly of Crab Orchard, shot Porter Hill in the stomach at Paint Lick, Garrard county. It is alleged that Hill was unduly intimate with Hiatt's wife, and she left her husband's home and went to Hill's residence. Her husband pursued her and in the altercation that followed Hill was wounded. Hiatt is 60 years old and not long since married a woman some 40 years his junior.

TAKE your repairs to Danks, Jeweler.

PLANTS FOR SALE.—Tomatoes and cabbage. O. J. Newland.

THE best gents' patent leather shoes ever brought to Stanford, at Hughes & Tate's.

REMEMBER that the fair date has been changed to Thursday and Friday, July 27th and 28th.

SPRING CHICKENS are as scarce as their mothers' teeth and "little biters" ones sell for \$3 a dozen.

A good deal of matter appropriate to Memorial Day appears in this impression of the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

WHEN at Junction City don't fail to stop at the McCollum Hotel. It is the best place for the price in the country.

ALL persons having claims against A. T. Martin will present them properly proven to me. G. W. Martin, trustee, Maywood.

W. P. TATEM and Sam Holman will run the Crab Orchard Springs livery stable this season and will add largely to it. Mr. Holman was here Tuesday and bought several fine buggies of E. K. Wearen.

NUMBER TWO.—Rev. and Mrs. George O. Barnes have intelligence of the arrival of another heir in the family of their son, Rev. W. C. Barnes, of Covington. It is a boy and has been named in honor of the good evangelist.

HOME GROWN strawberries are coming in to market and millionaires no longer enjoy the sole luxury of this fruit, of which some one has said: God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but he never did.

NEW FIRM.—Mr. Wm. Daugherty, who has been going it alone in the blacksmith business for years, has taken in a partner. It is Mr. J. H. Greer, who has had many years experience and who is said to be an expert in the business.

ACCORDING to a statement issued on the fifth anniversary of its institution, the Somerset Banking Co., of which our late townsman, R. G. Hall, is teller, has earned 40 per cent. net on its \$80,000 capital, 24 per cent. of which has been paid in dividends, 11 per cent. carried to surplus fund and \$4,000 to undivided profits.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—Under this heading the Lexington Press has the following in reference to one of our excellent citizens: "Among the many strangers who have visited us in the past few days we noted most prominent in the galaxy of handsome men Mr. Wm. Landgraf, a popular gentleman residing in the city of Ottenheim, Lincoln county. Mr. L. is a man of consequence in his 'native heath'—he is mayor of Ottenheim, justice of the peace, magistrate, city clerk, city surveyor, sheriff, constable and proprietor of the Hotel Ottenheim. His arduous duties compelled him to visit the Blue Grass region, where he is recuperating very nicely. He is a handsome blonde with a bewitching moustache, an Adonis in mold and form. He was given the freedom of the city."

THE other day a young man shot a pebble from a gum sling at an English sparrow, which missed the little pest and crashed through a window in Mr. H. C. Ruple's tailoring establishment, immediately over the table of a veteran manipulator of the "goose." The old man, whose name is Lowering, thinking the breakage was caused by a pistol shot, dropped his work, straightened his legs out from their cramped position and remarking that that was a notice that it was time for him to hunt another hole, lit out and has not since shown up. As he did not forget to draw all that was coming to him, it is likely that we shall look on him no more. Mr. Lowering did not register, but it may be taken for granted that he is not native and to the manner born, or he wouldn't have been so "superstitious," as he called it, and gotten accustomed to pistol balls flying around loose before he reached his present age.

REV. GEORGE O. BARNES continues to hold forth at the court-house to increasing crowds. He has recovered from the indisposition under which he labored and his sermons for the last two or three nights have been full of the former fire and enthusiasm that characterized all his public utterances. People who never go to church crowd to hear the sweet gospel that the good evangelist preaches, and they go away feeling better towards God and man. Mr. Barnes makes the plan of salvation so easy and his gospel of love so sweet that sinners are unconsciously drawn to it. He boldly asserts that there is no necessity to accept Christ, which is misleading. All that is necessary for a man to do is to believe in his heart that Jesus is the Savior, and his name is written in the Lamb's book of life, from which the devil and all hell can not erase it. No public profession is necessary. The question is between man and his Maker, and they alone settle it. The plaintive, touching songs of Misses Marie and Georgia form a most pleasing part of the services and make a man almost feel that is listening to the praises of the redeemed in Heaven. The meetings will continue till further notice, at 8 p. m. each day.

New plain and dotted Swisses, ribbons, etc. Severance & Son.

A. T. MARTIN has bought out Burt Matheny's in the firm of Craig & Matheny and the firm is now Martin & Craig.

THE Stanford Gold Band is making extensive preparations for a concert to be given at Walton's Opera House Friday evening, June 2, and the prospect is that an entertainment worth many times the price of admission will be presented. The boys have ordered new suits from a Boston firm and when they arrive we will have the finest uniformed band in the State. In order to help them pay for the uniforms the young ladies propose to give a supper one night week after next, probably the night of the commencement. A number of ladies will also take part in the concert.

JUNCTION CITY.—Zan Tribble is building a couple of nice cottages, one on the Shelby City pike and the other near O. J. Thurmond's residence.—The Shelby has bought a half interest in O. J. Thurmond's livery stable.—A fishing party, composed of Messrs. James Calvert, W. D. Cozatt, W. S. Tuttle and Dr. H. C. Jasper, left Wednesday for Fishing Creek in Pulaski county.—Mrs. Sam Bishop, Mrs. J. T. Rose and Lowry Evans are all quite ill.—J. T. Rose & Co. are building a bakery in addition to their store.—Bower & Roeder, the traveling photographers, are catching shadows here.—Wyburg, Hanna & Co. have laid a foundation for a large addition to their saw and planing mill.—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hilton visited J. H. Hilton and family at Rowland Tuesday.—Capt. Richards tells us that he is getting all the patronage he can accommodate at his splendid little hotel, the Commercial Hotel. A person stopping with the genial captain once will not forget him when he gets in his balliwick again.—James Shelby, who will run Linnetta Springs Hotel this year, is expecting a large crowd. He already has the promise of a house full.—The stockholders of the Junction City Times will soon begin the erection of an office for that paper. It will join Dunn & Surber and will be modern and convenient in every particular.

FAITH CURE.—Hearing that Rev. Ben Helm had told of a wonderful case of divine healing during his recent work at Hazel Green, a reporter asked him about it and elicited the following facts: Miss Sarah Little, daughter of Rev. J. M. Little, pastor of the Presbyterian church at that point, had been in bed five weeks from grip, followed by fever and nervous prostration. She had not been able to sit up except for a few days and only a few moments at a time. The neighbors at one time had given up all hope of her life and though her father, mother and sister had been healed on different occasions, she did not accept this truth. When Mr. Helm passed through her sick-room she would cover her head lest he speak to her of it. The morning after his arrival, at family prayers he spoke to her of the Holy Spirit and His power to heal and sanctify through Christ's atonement. Her father came later and said, "Sarah is deeply convicted on divine healing. I wish you would go and talk to her again." When a visitor left the room where he had been talking on the power of the life of Christ in the Holy Spirit, Miss Sarah cast a longing look from her couch and said: "Mr. Helm, I want that." Seating herself by her bed he said, "Miss Sarah, are you ready to consecrate body, soul and spirit to God, that if He were to call you to go as a missionary you would be ready to say, 'Lord, here am I, send me?'" She replied, "I am ready." He then said, "I am ready then to pray." Laying a hand on her head and kneeling, prayer was offered for the baptism of the Spirit and for restoration. As it closed, she clasped her hands and said, "Praise the Lord, I am healed and I am not going to lie here." She at once stepped out of bed and walked the floor, praising the Lord. Her sister coming in she exclaimed, "Sophronia, I am walking in the strength of Jesus and my knees are not weak!" The cool, trusting sister simply remarked, "I always told you Jesus would heal you if you would step out on his promise." An hour later she sat at the table and ate a meal. That afternoon she walked up stairs and the next night went through the rain to church. From that time she aided in all the house work, attended church twice a day, visited among the neighbors, telling of the wonders of Jesus' love and saving power, even walking out beyond town to be with a sick lady at her anointing. Never a sign of weakness after the first day. Twice alone she swept the church. Thoroughly satisfied that it is a genuine case of divine healing, Mr. Helm added enthusiastically: "She is as happy as a lark and holds herself ready to go anywhere and do anything the blessed Lord calls for. Praise be His Name! 'Tis not wonderful in Him. He promised it. But wonderful in these days of 'the hiding of His power' to see it. Bless the Lord, O my soul, 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases.' The physician, a popular man and doctor, but very wild, was also gloriously converted during the meeting."

—It is reported in New York that Dr. Talmage has been offered \$50,000 a year by a Chicago church. Perhaps this is another bluff by the great preacher and the question naturally arises, will his church call it again?

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is to marry Dr. William T. Ball, who has been her physician in her trying illness of the past year or two. She will leave her Catholic church to do it, as divorced persons cannot marry and remain Catholics. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Blaine will find a more congenial companion than Jim proved to be.

—A long courtship ended in a happy marriage Wednesday, when Mr. W. P. Grimes and Miss Ella Givens were united for life in the holy bonds. The bride is a lovely daughter of Mrs. Fowell W. Givens and it was in her elegant home that the ceremony occurred. The parlors had been handsomely decorated with evergreens and festooned with flowers. A little before noon the bridal party, preceded by six lovely young ladies, Misses Mary and Lula Carrick, of Newtown, Lillian Foythe and Belle Van-Arsdale, of Harrodsburg, and Gatewood and Birdie Givens, sisters of the bride, entered the room. The ladies divided and stood on each side of the couple, who, under a beautiful floral bell, took upon themselves the marriage vows, the Rev. Green Lee Surber officiating. An elegant lunch of substantial and delicacies followed the hearty congratulations and after it had been duly discussed the guests accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Grimes to the railroad, the train stopping for them at the gate. The bridal tour includes a visit to the World's Fair and will last several weeks. The bride is pretty, lovable and cultivated, the groom an honorable and high-toned gentleman, and the union must prove a congenial one. May their lives be always as bright as the cloudless day which saw them united.

—E. L. Rogers has been appointed post-master at Faulconer and W. W. Taylor at Forkland, both in Boyle county; Mamie D. Faulkner, at Lot, Whitley county; B. H. Hall, at Orlando and G. W. Jones at Snyder, Rockcastle.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARVEY HELM

Is a candidate to represent Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the democracy

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of Janie Wash Institute, of Middleburg, Ky., that the annual election for Trustees for the institution to fill the vacancy of the three retiring Trustees, will be held at the Institute building at Middleburg on the first Saturday in June, 1933, June 3, between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock p. m. A full attendance is desired.

F. M. WARE, Chairman.
M. W. JONES, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Samuel Engleman will please present them properly proven to us and those indebted to him will please settle at once.

G. R. ENGLEMAN, Shelby City.
R. W. GIVENS, Hubble, Administrators.

DR. JOS. HAAS'

Hog & Poultry Remedy

Used Successfully Fifteen Years.

Will arrest disease, prevents disease, expels worms, stop cough, increase the flesh and hasten maturity.

Prices: \$2.50, \$1.25 and 50 cents per package; 25-pound can \$12.50. The largest packages are cheapest. For sale by

A. R. PENNY, Stanford, Ky.

COME to SEE ME.

Having purchased the

Grocery : Business

Of J. W. Ramsey, I am increasing the stock as fast as possible and will soon have it

Complete in Every Particular.

Call at my store on Lancaster street and I will make it to your interest to trade with me.

W. C. HUTCHINGS.

AT AUCTION.

We will offer for sale to the highest bidder on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31,

1933, the following described property, located at Corbin, Ky., Junction of the Knoxville & Cumberland Valley Division of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad: A

THREE-STORY FRAME HOTEL

With 20 Bed Rooms, Parlor, Office, Dining Room, Pantry, Coal and Laundry House. Has the best reputation of any small house in Eastern Ky.

Terms Almost to Suit the Purchaser.

Six vacant lots fronting on Florence Avenue and adjoining the hotel and in the most central part of town. Four Houses and Lots fronting on London Ave. in good shape and rent for \$44 per month, 1 of an acre with each house. Inclosed with new painted picket fencing. If you want good property at your own price now is your chance. Business calls us to a foreign State and we can not leave the property behind.

All communications promptly answered. Address, CORBIN HOTEL, Corbin, Ky.

JAMES YEAGER. THOMAS YEAGER.

YEAGER & YEAGER,

LIVERT, FEED AND SALE STABLE,

STANFORD, KY.

We are in our new stable in the Opera House Block and are well supplied with

NEW RIGS AND HORSES

Have been purchased and nothing but first-class turnouts will leave the stable.

Give them a Call.

The Year of Jubilee

Special occasions require extraordinary efforts. With this in view we are determined to make this

COLUMBIAN : YEAR

Memorable. Foreign war ships and naval pyrotecnics do not alarm us, but give us courage to still charge the enemy of competition and we shall continue to charge until he is driven from his entrenchments. Our low prices increases our

Army of Customers

Day after day and our cash books show the stuff to buy the sinews of war—Good Goods at Low Prices. If our customers will

STAND TO THEIR GUNS

The victory is ours and the benefit of good goods at low prices is theirs. Let us all

RALLY ; TO : THE : STANDARD

Of Home Rule, Good Goods and Low Prices for Cash. We are working out the results grandly. Come and help us.

HUGHES & TATE.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

WALL PAPER & ALABASTINE

New stock, styles and shades.

Carriage and Decorative Paints for Buggies and Household use.

Ready Mixed Paints, White Lead, Linseed Oil and Varnishes, Landreth's Garden Seed at

W. B. McROBERTS,

New Drug Store, Stanford, Ky.

B. B. KING.

GEORGE B. PREWITT.

KING & PREWITT.

MORELAND, KY.,

We have opened up a nice line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Goods, Clothing Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Hardware,

We paid spot cash for these goods bought them where we could get the most for the least money. Hardware was bought in car load lots, which enables us to make very low prices. Bases of steel nails \$2 per keg, do. wire nails \$2.30, coal oil 10c per gal. with all other goods in proportion.

Terms cash or country produce. Give us a call. We will save you money

We are opening up a splendid line of Millinery.

KING & PREWITT.

SEVERANCE & SON

Severance & Son

GO TO

The Cash Bargain Store

For goods at low prices. Our stock of

Clothing, Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings,

Millinery, Notions and Shoes is complete. We have just received an elegant line of Ladies' and Misses'

SLIPPERS,

Which will be sold at the lowest cash prices. Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

B. F. JONES & SON.

W. P. WALTON.

THE WORLD'S FAIR,
AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

The Queen & Crescent Route, widely known as the road running the "Finest Trains in the South," is in the field to carry everybody from the South to the World's Fair at Chicago. No part of the Southern country is left uncared for by this great railway and its connections. The Through Car System is an admirable exposition of the wonderful capabilities of American railroading. From New Orleans Through Sleeping Cars run daily, morning and evening, carrying its passengers by Cincinnati or Louisville, as they may select.

From Shreveport, Vicksburg and Jackson another Through Sleeping Car Line comes to join and become a part of the magnificent Vestibuled Through Trains, which, passing through Birmingham and the famous Wills Valley of Alabama, is joined at Chattanooga by the train from Jacksonville, Fla., Brunswick and Atlanta, Ga., over the E. T. V. & G. R'y, and proceeds north over the beautiful Cincinnati Southern, through the grandest natural scenery and most attractive historical country in the world, to Oakdale, where another magnificent Pullman Car is received, coming from the Richmond & Danville system from Charleston, S. C., through Columbia, S. C., the beautiful French Broad country, and Asheville, N. C., and Knoxville, Tenn.

The time to Chicago is made so as to afford the most convenient hours for departures from the principal cities and arrivals in Chicago.

Passengers can purchase tickets good over one line north of the river, and returning via another if they desire a variable route without extra charge. Or they can go via Cincinnati, returning via Louisville, or vice versa.

Round trip tickets on sale at reduced rates. Agents of the Chicago line will on request assist in looking up rooms or accommodations for visitors to the Fair.

Everything that an almost perfect system can devise to deserve the praise and patronage of the traveling public has been provided. Any of the Agents of the companies named below will cheerfully give all possible information and assistance:

R. H. Garratt, New Orleans, La. I. Hardy, Vicksburg, Miss. J. R. McGregor, Birmingham, Ala. E. T. Charlton, Chattanooga, Tenn. W. D. Cozart, Junction City, Ky., or D. G. Edwards, Cincinnati, O.

.....IF YOU ARE GOING.....
NORTH OR WEST.
.....THE.....



Is the line for you, as its

Double Daily Trains

Make close connections at

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

For all points.
THROUGH TICKETS SOLD.
BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH
For any information acquire of
JOES RICE, Agent,
Or
W. W. PENN, Trav. Pass. Agent,
Junction City, Ky.

N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.

Schedule Dec. 15, 1892.

LEAVE NORTON DAILY

7:00 a. m. for Graham, Bluefield, Pocahontas and all stations Flat Top and Pocahontas Divisions.
12:04 noon, for Bluefield, Radford, Roanoke, Lynchburg, Richmond and Norfolk. Also (via Roanoke) for Washington, Hagerstown, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York.

Pullman Sleeping Cars from Lou. I. Hardy, New York, via Shenandoah Junction, also R. Ford to Washington; also from Lynchburg to R. Ford.
Trains for Pocahontas, Powhatan and Goodwill leave Bluefield daily at 6:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 3:30 p. m.
Leave Bluefield 6:10 a. m. daily for Kenova and Columbus, O. Arrive Columbus 9:15 p. m.
Additional trains for Welch and Intermediate stations on Elkhorn leave Bluefield 1:05 p. m. and 3:30 p. m. daily.

Trains arrive at Norton from the East daily at 11:40 p. m. and 5:00 p. m.
For further information as to schedules, rates, etc., apply to agents of Norfolk & Western Railroad or to
W. B. BEVILL,
Gen. Pass. Agt. Roanoke, Va.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

Washington, Philadelphia
Baltimore, New York,
And all other Eastern Cities.

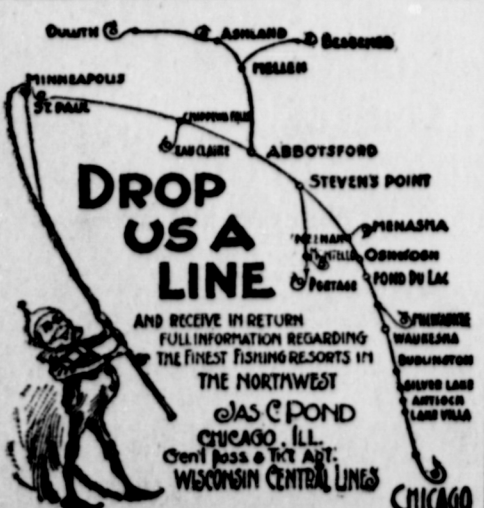
Shortest Line between Louisville, Lexington and Eastern Points.

IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1892

EAST BOUND. Lve. Lexington
Atlantic Express No. 22, daily..... 7:16 p. m.
Midland Accommodation, No. 26, ex. Sun., 11:40 a. m.
Vestibuled Express, No. 24, daily..... 6:10 p. m.
Mt. Sterling Accom., No. 28, ex. Sun., 5:35 p. m.

WEST BOUND. Arr. Lexington:
Lexington Accom., No. 27, ex. Sun., 7:55 a. m.
Lexington Express No. 21, daily..... 12:40 p. m.
Lexington Accom., No. 25, ex. Sun., 4:15 p. m.
Vestibuled Express No. 23, daily..... 6:10 p. m.

Solid Vestibuled Trains with Dining Cars. No bus transfers.
Through Sleepers from Lexington without change.
H. W. FULLER, C. E. RYAN,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Washington, D. C., Cincinnati.



THE STEAM RADIATOR

BILL NYE RELATES BURBANK'S EXPERIENCE WITH ONE.

And He Then Says It Really Happened to Himself, For He Is Mr. Burbank's Friend. Roundabout in Washington—Why Colonel Visscher Was Induced to Leave Town.

(Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.)
The steam radiator at a hotel furnishes more cause for serious thought, especially in the still watches of the night, than any other problem I know of. Most of them have water on the brain.



HE BECAME IRRITATED.

When you go in a room and smell the hot, damp carpet, you know at once that the radiator is not seaworthy. The other night Mr. Burbank's radiator began about midnight to get restless and palpitate. At first it just gave two or three kicks at itself and moaned. Mr. Burbank turned over in his bed and said: "Ah, the radiator is repairing itself."

Then he went to sleep.
Soon after he woke with a start and heard the radiator rumble like a distant freight train crossing three or four other lines of road. At the end he seemed to hit one coil with another and began to mix things.

He looked at his watch and saw that it was half past 12. Tired nature then yielded, and with a long drawn sigh at 30 days he went to sleep. He awoke again to hear the radiator riving its boiler and generally refitting itself.

He lighted his last match and saw that it was half past 1 o'clock. He tried to go to sleep and began counting 1,000 to settle his nerves. He was joined by the radiator. He threw off the covers and said: "There is water in that radiator. That's what makes it practice all night trying to play 'The Awakening of the Lion.' I will let the water out, and then I can sleep."

So he got up softly and started for the electric light to turn on same. He was a little dazed and stepping high, so he stepped into his trunk. Then he knew where he was and started across the room, but was met by the center table, which had a late lunch on it. It contained, among other things, some bread with jam on it and some cheese that had come from Germany at a time when the quarantine regulations were looser than they are now.

He upset this table.
"Now I know where everything is," said Mr. Burbank. "This cheese is in the center of the room, and I can always find out where I am even without a light." Just then in trying to turn on the electric light he stepped in the jam and cheese at the same moment. He also found that the electric light had been turned off at the cellar.

No one can know just how he would feel under these circumstances unless he has been under these circumstances. Mr. Burbank had now lost all idea of direction, for the cheese still clung to the sole of his foot and roamed around the room, attracting attention from the radiator.

Mr. Burbank is a tall, slender man, looking very much as Henry Irving would if he had been trying to board at the Gastritis House during the winter and train himself down to represent Thought. Dressed in the simple robe of night, with his dark hair released from its confinement and tossed about over his shoulders, with a cheese sandwich on one foot and a corned beef and mustard poultice on the other, now and then stepping on a revolving bottle of Halford sauce, he made a strong picture as he saved himself from falling by catching at the towel which hung on a rack.

He went three times around the room, feeling on the wall for the button of the bell, but missing it, as he could not get the right height, he opined. In the morning he found that the button was concealed by the headboard of his bed and did not work anyhow.

It now became easy to locate the radiator by the sound it made, also by a little paddle of hot water which he stepped out of with such a wild start that he skinned his knee and hopped around over the lunch in great agony. As he felt the jam oozing up among his toes he became irritated and said:

"If I had it to do over again, I would go to the other hotel."

There were two hotels, one called the Phyloxyeria and the other the Bergamot House. We were at the Bergamot.

Mr. Burbank approached the radiator and turned the valve open quickly, then stepped back into the Halford sauce as a stream of hot water squirted across the room into the cozy bed which he had just left. The little valve nut was now so hot that he could not turn it back for quite a long spell, but after awhile, by the use of a towel, he managed to turn it off enough so that only a small stream came from it, and he filled a china cuspidor with water, also the wash basin and his valise. This he did while trying to empty the basin out of the window. A great deal of the water was spilled when he stepped on the Halford sauce bottle again.

He emptied the basin while the cuspidor was filling and then emptied it while the basin was filling.

Sometimes in going back and forth he did not step on the Halford bottle at all.

He does not remember how many times he did these round trips, but as the

gray dawn began to steal timidly across the sullen sky there stood at the open casement a tall man with a pale, intellectual face and in a simple, fluttering and severely plain negligee with wet sleeves. He was just pouring the last pitcher of hot water out at the window, and below lay the body of the watchdog—drowned.

The watchdog lay with glassy eyes chained to the house, and the watchdog's honest bark was peeled off in places where the hot water had struck him.

That pale and interesting man was the author of these lines.

At first I thought I would say it was Mr. Burbank, but now as I think it over and remember his many kindly acts toward me, and the artist is liable to make a picture of him, I am brought to see that it would be a great wrong.

The moral of the above incident is that the man who is wise and who has been abroad as far as Escanaba, Mich., or Esquimaux, B. C., will open the escape valve of a radiator when it acts that way and let the hot water "squirr and squirr and squirt." He will not try to save the carpet.

New Whatcom and Fairhaven together constitute a beautiful semicircle about Bellingham bay in the new state of Washington. Fairhaven is quiet just now, a good place to think in or bring up a family, but it fears not. It is generally believed that James Hill is waiting till property gets low enough to buy readily, then will scoop it in and establish the terminus of the Great Northern railroad there. Should he do this he would have one of the pleasantest private towns on the coast.

I do not know whether he will do so or not. Some think he will, and some think he will not. I once lived in a town for some time and held two lots with the hope that Mr. Gould would build there and erect large shops employing over a thousand men, but Mr. Gould died without having done so. Finally I exchanged the lots for an agent's prospectus of "The Family and Horse Doctor Book" and began to canvass for the same at 75 per cent of the receipts.

Fairhaven and New Whatcom with a transcontinental road would be a great success. All they lack is people. That is true of this whole region.

More honest sweat and less scanning of the horizon for railroads would work well. The growth of all the cities of this new northwest even in the three years since I visited it is astonishing even to one who has made a solemn promise that he will never be astonished.

There was never a better time for the dissatisfied man of the states to come. He should not expect to make a competency while playing "high five" and waiting for his lots to go up, but come here with his working clothes and go in to win. If you buy a lot, buy it for a 20-year investment and not for the purpose of selling it tomorrow for a bank to build on.

There are a good many large trees to be cut down in Washington and many farms to make in order to support such cities as Seattle and Tacoma before a trade can be built up with Mongolia.

But everything is new and up to date wherever one goes. You will find no bell-cords with tassels on them in these cities, but the very latest thing made. It is so in everything. Even the Salvation Army looks more prosperous than it does in older states. Its band is more attractive and sometimes plays a tune. It has done great good by working among the coachmen who gather, with their carriages, about the entrance to the opera house where we play.

Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher of Kentucky lived for some years at Fairhaven as an editor. He liked the town very much, but his wife thought it very crude, and she missed her old friends a good deal, while the genial colonel knew everybody in the United States, and so was not lonesome. This is often the case with popular men. They frequently prefer the tribute of laughter and bonhomie down town to the quiet evening at home by the fireside, reading from "Plutarch's Lives" and giving the children their bath.



THE MAN AT THE WINDOW.

So she tried to get him to remain at home and help her wear out the dull evening, but he had all sorts of business engagements and meetings of the chamber of commerce to meet down town.

He belonged to several societies also, including the United Red Men, the Little Defenders and the Fair Haven Oompah Oompah band.

Mrs. Visscher got him a billiard table and the game of loto, from which keno was derived, but it was not all these he needed. It was the little band of congenial souls who still remained down town. She lost heart and gave it up.

The place was new, and there were rough characters abroad at night, and late one evening Colonel Visscher came home to find that a big stone had been thrown through the window, barely missing his piano.

His wife was in tears and begged him to move away from Fairhaven.
"No," he said, getting down his gun and Grand Army uniform. "I know who did it. It was one of those brutes

I have assailed in the paper. I will go out and kill him. I must do it. I cannot be driven out of this town by these assassins. Be calm while I go out and kill him, dear. You can look the other way while I do it, and I will wash my hands afterward so that you will not be frightened."

He went out and was gone half an hour without success, but when he came in he found his wife white and speechless. For a time he could not bring her to, but finally she told him that a stone or something had crashed through the window of her husband's room while he was away.

Cautiously he went in there. He found broken glass on his carpet and a short piece of metal like a bit of gas pipe closed at both ends and a cunning little fuse at the end.

Colonel Visscher's face grew pale. They sat hand in hand during the long, dark night, and in the morning he took the bomb to the police and sold his house.

They went to Portland to live, and when they were settled one evening Mrs. Visscher came up to him, and running her fingers through his clustering hair—his hair that was once so flowing, but now so fled—she told him with a tear how she was the assassin, and how she got the plumber to make the bomb for her and fill it with baking powder, so she could throw it through his window while he was down the road at the other side of the house.

And yet it is often said that women have no influence and that they are mere clay in the hands of those they love!

O woman! woman!! woman!!! I fear you are a sad dog!

Bill Nye

Circumstances Alter Cases.



Dr. Shipps made quite an impression on two ladies one day on the street.



But passing them afterward again without his overcoat made another, somewhat different—Truth.

It Made a Difference.

He was going up Brush street with a new snow shovel on his shoulder when a little old colored man, who had evidently passed a hard winter, stopped him and asked:

"Hello, Misser Thompson, what yo' got dat?"

"What I got yere! Does yo' see dat snow shovel?"

"Of co'se, but it am no good now. Yo' wouldn't dun catch me buyin no snow shovels in de spring."

"Sartinly not. Dat's what ails de cull'd populashun of dis town—all hindsiht an no fo'sight. I bought dat shovel fur nex' winter. Got a 20-cent shovel fur 18 cents. Dun saved 12 cents, yo' see?"

"Hu! Am dat fo'sight?"

"Yes, sah."

"Kin anybody hev fo'sight?"

"Sartinly dey kin."

"Misser Thompson, kin you lend me a quarter now to use next January?" softly asked the old man.

"No, sah! I was gwine to 'splain to yo' dat dar was fo'sight, hindsight an seberal oder kinds ob sight. Yo's tryin to borrow a quarter fur next winter hain't neither fo'sight nor hindsight, an yo' can't get it by a blamed sight! Good mawnin, sah!"—Detroit Free Press.

Heartfelt.

"I wish," said Jorkins as he looked at the muddy streets, "I wish some prisoners would escape from the Tombs."

"Why do you wish that?" asked Mrs. Jorkins, astonished.

"Why, whenever prisoners break jail the papers tell us that the country for miles around is scourged."—Harper's Bazar.

The Spur of the Occasion.

She—If you can't bear her, why did you get engaged to her?

He—Well, you see, we had sat out three dances, and I could not think of anything else to say, and she accepted.—Boston Beacon.

Her Way.

"What ails your kitchen girl? She slammed the door, drove the children up stairs and looks as ugly as a bear."

"That is only a way she has of asking me to raise her wages."—Westfield Union.

A Great Improvement.

Maud—How do you like the new way I do my hair, Frank?

Frank (wanting to say something particularly nice)—Why, you look at least 30 years younger!—Yankee Blade.

Cause For Congratulation.

Henderson—We lost our cook a week ago.

Williamson—Let me congratulate you. She is cooking at our house now.—Brooklyn Life.

"Many go out for wool,
and return shorn."



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Brand of "Happy Home Clothing."

The goods are guaranteed
by the manufacturers to give
satisfaction, or the money will
be refunded.

JAMES FRYE,

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Notice to Stockholders.

All persons holding stock in the Hustonville and Carpenters Creek Turnpike Co. are requested to come before the Board of Directors at Hustonville on June 3, 1893, produce their certificates of stock, receive dividends and new certificates in place of the old ones. By order of the Board, W. D. WEATHERFORD, Pres.

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are very small, yet possess all the virtues of the larger. Tut's Pills which have been so popular for thirty years. Their size and sugar-coating commend them for the use of children and persons with weak stomachs. For

Sick Headache

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sending out babies on application; it has been
done before, however, but never have those
furnished been so near the original sample as
this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well!
that's the sweetest I ever saw!" This
little black and white engraving can save
you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.



"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and hung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of the world are the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproduction cannot be told from the original, which cost \$400, and are the same size (11x12 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, for present to those subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies" and "A White House Orphan" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the facts and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$2, and you will really get over \$25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 16th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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Mr. T. E. C. Brinly

Has the following to say about the Electropoise and how it cures after-effects of La Grippe.

Office Brinly, Hiles & Hardy Co., Louisville, Jan. 30, 1893.

Gents: While attending the Memphis Fair some months ago, I was attacked with severe pains in my arms and legs, the effects of grippé of last winter. I met your agent there, Mr. Harbitt, who is an old friend, and he insisted that I use the Electropoise at his office, which I did with wonderful results. In a short time the pains left me and I concluded to rent a "Poise." When my rental time had expired I bought it, and would not part with it for any consideration. It is certainly a wonderful treatment, and it is more wonderful as to how it does its work, yet it does it. I think it is the duty of every man to make known to the afflicted any thing that will be of any benefit to them, and the Electropoise certainly will.

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Signed:
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PHILOSOPHY OF FAT.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX GIVES GOOD ADVICE TO STOUT WOMEN.

The Most Artful Dressmaker Cannot Make a Thin Woman of a Fat One—Exercise and Dieting For the Reduction of Flesh. Delsartean Movements.

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THE stout woman who is forever complaining of her size and discomfort and never doing anything to overcome or avoid either is one of the most unreasonable beings on earth. I do not know that reasonableness is a frequent quality in woman stout or otherwise, but this excess of unreason appertains especially to the dissatisfied fat lady.

A satisfied fat woman is a comfort and delight to all who know her. She knows that she is too fat to be fashionable in her attire or remarked for her elegance, and she does not essay either one or the other. She leaves that for slimmer people, and there is no envy or sorrow in her reminiscences—those inevitable reminiscences of the stout lady—of the time when her waist measured 18 inches and she weighed only 100 pounds. She speaks of that time with a sort of dry humor and shakes her fat sides good naturedly as she thinks what her present weight is, and how impossible it would be to find her waist line if she wished to measure it. She enjoys the good things of life, and she is like a dear, warm, animated pillow to all her children, who snuggle into her arms. She wears loose, blousy sort of dresses or belted Mother Hubbards and looks very uncomfortable when forced into a snug waist on Sunday.

But this dear old aunt or mother or neighbor, whom we all have known and loved and who would have been less pleasing to us if she had weighed an ounce less, is not at all the being to whom I refer in the beginning of this article. The dissatisfied fat lady is too lazy to prevent or reduce the accumulation of flesh by exercise and too self-indulgent to control her appetite. She allows herself the luxury of food and sleep to an inordinate degree, and she complains unremittingly of her weight and size. She possesses the feminine love for admiration to an extreme extent, and she is passionately fond of dress. Upon her poor dressmaker she wreaks all her vengeance at the fate which has overtaken her. She expects that unhappy tradesman to diminish her hips and cause her abdomen to be invisible through some sort of necromancy connected with the trade.

She copies the dress of her slender neighbor and is furious with anger when she finds herself looking pudgy and fat still. The whole fault of her appearance is laid at the dressmaker's door.

"I would rather make two dresses at half price for a slender woman than one at double price for a fussy fat woman," said a pale faced dressmaker to me one day. "Really my stout customers are breaking down my nervous system. They expect me to make them look just like a fashion plate, and how can I? The monstrous hips and busts must go somewhere. There is no method of dressmaking that can hide them, but their owners seem devoid of all reason in the matter."

There is not the slightest necessity for any woman to become overstout if she has the moral will power and physical perseverance to follow out a few simple rules. The appetite is a thing of habit, and the giving up of fat producing dishes causes only a temporary discomfort. If persevered in for a few days even, the longing for these things ceases. But, aside from diet, the flesh can be prevented from accumulating on the abdomen by exercises taken, without the aid of apparatus or machinery, in one's room.

Let the loosely dressed person lie face downward flat upon the floor. Fold the arms across the back. Then raise the head and upper part of body as much as possible from the floor several times in succession. Begin by doing this two or three times only morning and night, as it is liable to produce lame and sore muscles at first. The second morning increase to four movements, the third to six until 10 or 12 or 15 can be produced without effort and until the chest can be lifted off the floor. This one simple exercise would render a large abdomen impossible if begun in season and persisted in unremittingly. It is excellent supplemented by one of the Delsartean movements, raising the body on tiptoe and slowly lifting the arms above the head as far as possible with the finger tips meeting. Let the arms fall as the heels touch the floor, repeating this over and over until fatigue ensues.

Emma Abbott once told me that she made it a science to retain the symmetry of her figure. We all know that the life of an opera singer is of all professions the most flesh producing, but this earnest woman kept her beautiful form unspoiled by grossness until her death. If she found her weight increasing beyond a certain point, the diet was reduced, the physical exercises increased. Any woman can do the same who brings her will power into use.

The already fat woman can reduce her hip measure by the exercises I have described and by controlling her appetite.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Importance of Self Control.

At a tenement house fire in Brooklyn lately a mother and her two children were burned to death because the mother became panic stricken and refused to carry her little ones to the roof, where all might have been saved. She stood like a statue, paralyzed with fear, while the firemen and others shouted to her to take to the roof. Then smoke and flames lapped them all in one fiery embrace, and that was the last of a beautiful family. If women would only train themselves to keep their heads on!

THE STORY THEY TELL.

How the Banners and Roses Recall the Virtue of the Dead.



THE flags and the flowers blend like currents of the same waters on Memorial day. Flowers are the bannerets of the throbbing underworld and seem to say, "Here in the bosom of the earth are beauty and grace and purity and strength." And when the red, white and blue emblems are thrown into the floral fields of nature a harmony so perfect is created that profusion either in bunting or in roses cannot lead to a loss of balance in the ensemble. To the soldier's mind this mingling of colors as loving hands plant flowers beside the little Grand Army markers at the graves of fallen comrades brings up the idea of re-enforcements, as though the story of heroism, and of devotion, and of victory recalled by Old Glory was being repeated again and again by each cluster of bright petals that share with it the gentle airs of heaven.

Naturally whenever a soldier's eye lights upon the stately banner his thoughts go back to war days. He sees in it a facsimile of the one borne in front of his regiment in every charge. Yet it was not a battleflag in the strict sense of the word when he followed it to the gun or unfurled it upon the line of battle. Men looked up to it as the representative of what the nation was fighting for rather than a signal for combat, a challenge to hostility. Now that the strife is a thing of the far past the battleflag are relics and the stars and stripes a living symbol of live ideas. All this is shown in the memorial observances, when the flag and its defenders are honored through the same act and in the same breath that glorifies the reign of peace. Flowers come in with settled peace, and love and tenderness are the meaning they convey.

The sentiments of Decoration day are and should be intensely patriotic and not martial, conservatively peaceful and not aggressive. The dead are to be remembered and honored because they fought for a principle and not because by any word or act they betrayed a love of glory. It is the emblem of undying affection, a sprig of evergreen, that is first placed upon the warrior's grave as a token from the living when the Grand Army opens the ceremony. Then follow the white rose to symbolize the purity and unselfish devotion of the patriotic dead. Lastly the laurel of victory, token of a triumph that is the reward of purity and a proof of devotion. Victory crowns the soldier's trials and made the memory of them worth preserving.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A MEMORIAL SCENE.

How the Day Is Observed in a Backwoods Village.

A correspondent of a New York paper describes a Memorial day scene as follows:

Something like an hour later than advertised the procession forms at the church. First, the band in full uniform with the village blacksmith as drum major in a bearskin hat of mammoth proportions, a gorgeous coat on his rather stooping shoulders, and wielding his baton as he would a sledge hammer while the small boys crowd thickly about among the players and surround the bass drum like flies around a honey jar. Next, two diminutive drummers, boys, very red in the face and very weary, bearing some battered drums wreathed with flowers, which have seen actual service in battle. Then all the sweet girls which the village school con-



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH AS DRUM MAJOR, with bright, fair faces, white dresses gay with flying ribbons, and each one, down to the tiniest little lisping maid in the infant class who brings up the rear, skipping along in her haste to keep up with the large girls, bearing a cross of flowers held against her heart.

A squad of Grand Army men in uniform shamble along, lame from rheumatism, stiff and lumbering from their long marches in the furrows after their plows, and each one taking a kind of go-as-you-please-only-get-there-trot, and behind them one sailor in uniform, the cynosure of all eyes, steps proudly on alone, a big, handsome, brawny chested fellow, with a bronzed, strong face, and still farther back a veteran in a buggy drawn by an old, freckled, lame white horse sits with his wooden leg, which he has hewed and whittled out of a stick of wood, resting on the dashboard in front of him, the hero of the day.

Then comes the long line of carriages, buggies, wagons, buckboards, any kind of a vehicle on wheels, drawn by lame, tired plow horses, with heavy collars and pieces of sheepskin or scarlet flannel tied under the straps of the harness, and invariably with a tiny flag on their heads.

Arrived at the cemetery, all are seated in order, and the exercises open with a prayer. Everything in the country does begin with a prayer and closes with a benediction. After the prayer, the captain of the G. A. R. post, in the solemn and impressive words of the military service, proceeds to command the procession to re-form and march to the graves.



Jefferson Davis



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